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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The intellectual epicure loathes a surfeit, whether of blame or praise. We can quite see, then, why when death duties came up this week Mr. Balfour should be glad to change his tone. This is finance at last, he said: and he would only put Ministers on the hook as if he loved them. Yet we think he might have given the hook a little more barb. Death duties, of course, have been taken smilingly by Conservative Chancellors of the Exchequer and First Lords of the Treasury. Honest men, we suppose, are sometimes put to it to handle and apply—in party politics at any rate—the plunderings of their predecessors. But surely Mr. Balfour and his colleagues do not mean, if they come into office, to stereotype the stealings of this Government? That would be a little too cynical.

Yet not a voice has been raised this week in Parliament against some of the most brutal proposals of the Government. Take the case of a poor hard-working professional man or clerk, who cannot save anything to speak of, but just manages to insure his life for, say, a thousand pounds, so that his wife and two or three children may not be flung on the rates if he dies. There are thousands of cases of this kind. His widow can by safe investment get about £40 a year, or between fourteen and fifteen shillings a week, from this thousand. Fourteen-and-six a week is not an excessive income for a woman, a lady very likely, and two or three children to live on. Many a plump Labour leader makes five times that, and grumbles at it. But here the Government come along and find an easy victim. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith propose to take from the widow a thick slice of her fortune. To Sir William Harcourt's £30 they add another £10 for legacy or succession. They take from her at least one whole year's income! This may be very good finance. But from the point of view of humanity it is devilish.

With tears in his voice the Chancellor of the Exchequer sorts out many of the smaller oysters to swallow as well as the bigger ones; and often indeed the smaller ones are delicious eating. We do not plead for humane finance. Let us leave that to the Government. But it is rather sickening when the Government do this sort of thing and their supporters pretend they are acting humanely. We open the "Daily Chronicle" on 15 September as an exceptional treat and find under an article called "Husbands, Wives, and Taxes" this passage: "The new tax is safeguarded from hardship by generous exemptions in the case of widows and small estates". What a candid and discerning writer!

It is arguable that small struggling professional men are fools to vote at all when such taxes are clapped on by one side and more or less winked at by the other. What is the use of their troubling to vote at all? it may be asked; they'll be taxed to death all the same. But it is quite sure they will be foolhardy among the foolhardiest if they do not vote against the party who devise such taxes at their expense. After all, the Conservatives at worst are only passive sometimes at their expense—the others are always active.

We must refer to two other monstrous proposals of the Government during the past week. One is to fine a man heavily who makes a present of money to anyone five years before his death. This was changed to three years, a change as ridiculous as the original proposal. It would be more logical to ordain that a fine should be imposed on every present of money a man makes whether five or fifty years before his death. But the whole thing is grotesque rubbish. We shall make ourselves the laughing-stock of history if we pass this Budget. The other proposal looks like irony. The payer of death duties can hand over his land instead of his money if he choose! The Government are going to take their tenth or half or whatever it is like the tithe-owner before commutation. The Duke of Sutherland will pay in deer forests, the Marquis of Bute in coal, Professor Stuart in mustard and Mr. Rowntree in chocolate.

Lord Robert Cecil's character sketch of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Tuesday's debate had, we

think, a slight flaw, historically. He declared that despite "many great qualities" Mr. Lloyd George loved tyranny for its own sake. Whereupon Mr. O'Connor suggested, "like Robespierre". "No," replied Lord Robert, "Mr. Lloyd George is more entertaining than Robespierre." This is the conventional view we know—that Robespierre was a mean figure intellectually, the dull, unentertaining mediocrity. Carlyle seems to have stereotyped this view for ever. But Lamartine's "History of the Girondists" gives one a very different picture of the man. Robespierre was a monster, no doubt, but not the less for that, one of the most "entertaining" figures of his century and country.

We are all in a way attracted by the theories of Mr. Ure, the extraordinary Solicitor-General for Scotland, Mr. Anacharsis Ure he should have been baptized. We cannot help liking him for his exceeding honesty, as Lord Rosebery says. He outs with everything. No bag, indeed, is big enough to hold the wild cat of Mr. Ure. But Mr. Chiozza-Money has theories on property only less signal than Mr. Ure's on land. He ventilated one of these in Tuesday's debate. It was this: Capital is not destroyed when absorbed by the State, but only removed from private to public ownership. Of course, if we take to arguing in this vein, capital and property appear almost indestructible. Suppose even the burglar break into Mr. Money's house and remove his plate and other effects, nothing need be lost or destroyed. The plate is only removed from one private person to another private person.

The appeal of the Primate to the Government on Wednesday as to the neglected reports of the Poor Law Commission cannot be ignored by the most engrossed of the Budget Ironsides. Lord Crewe expressed his gratitude at being reminded of the matter, but craved indulgence. He had not had time to study the report as it deserved. This is a pity, for months ago that report should have been obtained and studied by Liberal Ministers. The study of the report was, in fact, a logical preliminary to the framing of the Pensions scheme. But it is no use crying over milk already spilt, when the whole can is like to be upset. Meanwhile gratitude is due to the Primate from all who have the interests of the nation at heart. This vast problem will have to be grappled with, and it is no hasty drafting of inchoate Bills that will meet the case.

The contrivance "for the Development of the United Kingdom" came up in Committee on Wednesday. A "memorandum" came up, too, of advances from the Treasury under already existing powers, and as a model for farther extension; and this revealed the maximum proportion of £250,000 for England, and just twice as much for Ireland, where they can always find use for something that they think they get for nothing. There is money also "for various purposes", and everybody is to be "developed" at the expense of everybody else. On Thursday the thing was made less ridiculous by accepting Lord Robert Cecil's amendment to have the expenditure controlled by a permanent Commission instead of Mr. Lloyd George's "Advisory Committee." Yesterday the application of the closure resulted in a scene. Mr. George's autocratic methods are too much for Lord Robert Cecil's patience.

A scheme like this might be really useful but for the omissions that make it so foolish. The assumption is that potentially productive regions are now kept unproductive by want of transit; but where transit is already as perfect as possible we find production hindered most by uncertainties which cannot be touched by transit, and which arise from the very policy that starts the "development" theory. The industrial capitalist among us seems unable to count on settled conditions for six months at a time, and so it must remain as long as his normal sphere of activity is "free" to be upset by any accidental clearance at any accidental price throughout the world, alike in cauliflowers and in calico.

To-day our producer finds himself able to make a profit; to-morrow he finds his profit stopped and his capital threatened by an industrial accident at Taganrog or Dakota. This State bolstering of transit is essentially in the nature of protection for home industry, and so we find ourselves protecting the carriage of what cannot be produced, and exposing to decay the production of what is producible.

There was another private meeting of the Imperial Home Rule Association in Dublin on Wednesday night, to consider their action in view of their treasurer having gone over to Mr. Redmond as his candidate for South Dublin, while remaining their treasurer. Since the Imperials alarmed "the boys" with their loyalty to the Empire, and the dread of this getting abroad in Ireland, there has been a scramble to annex the head men; and there has been a scramble among the head men to get themselves annexed. There is really no need to "consider". The course for the Imperials is clear. Let them get another set of head men, and let these also be taken over by "the boys", all protesting their loyalty to the Empire; and so on until all "the boys" shall have become loyal, and the Irish party is improved out of existence. Then we have Home Rule as a proposition in Imperialism. Meantime, for men of ambition it is worth knowing that the way to a place among "the boys" and to a "sail" in the House is to become a head man of the Imperials; that is, imperialism as a means to parochialism.

Lord Ashtown is expected to make a speech in the House of Lords on the Land Bill, and his experience as a boycotted farmer in Galway ought to make lively material for Mr. Birrell. With all the "peace", it takes about £1000 a year of the taxes to protect Lord Ashtown; and his offence against "the Cause" is that he makes his farms profitable, with a handsome margin left over after allowing for rent and taxes, and after paying £3000 a year in agricultural wages. The plea of "the Cause" is that the land cannot bear rent. This capable capitalist of Galway finds farming so profitable that he can buy up incapable peasant proprietors and replace them by capable bullocks, showing how the land can be turned back again into big farms at a profit should peace be permitted after the Treasury has staked nearly £200,000,000 in making small farms. It is a most upsetting affair, this Woodlawn enterprise, to statesmen as well as to agitators; and the Peers will do well to listen carefully. There is far-reaching instruction in the Galway balance-sheets, and they have all been professionally audited.

Our little note about that Industrial Conference in Belfast, where hopeful producers advertised their products to a decaying market, has caused widespread indignation in Ireland, with leading articles of the most red-hot kind, and full reproductions of Mr. Boland's letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW—but without the few lines that were added under it. This is the old rage that ever prevents the people of Ireland from seeing facts as they affect themselves. If facts are pleasant, all is well; if not, away with them, and down with "the nation". They do not yet see that Ireland's purchasing power, for either home products or imports, remains small until she learns to produce the means with which to purchase them; and they are equally ignorant of the fact that a country can increase her exports and imports while producing less and growing poorer. This has been Ireland's case for some time, and the proofs are beyond question; but Mr. Boland cannot see it, and the patriotic editors suppress the facts that correct him. If a people dare not face the truth even in their industry, how can they be expected to make progress in anything?

Has Mr. John Burns really been translated? Many rumours have been spread and have found their way into the papers, as to his silence on the Budget. He certainly has kept his enthusiasm for it under control. Whilst Mr. Burns seems never out of his Government Office, Mr. Churchill seems never in it; the one,



it is complained, will attend to nothing but his own business, the other to nothing but the business of other Ministers. And yet, oddly enough, it is said they are both playing for their own hands! As to Mr. Burns and the Budget, we do not profess to know at all how he regards it. But let our people make no mistake about this: when the time comes for an election, Mr. Burns, like Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George and the rest of them, will go into the business with professions of out-and-out democracy. The statesman of to-day on the Government side will be the socialist of to-morrow—if to-morrow bring the General Election.

There is nothing surer in the world of party politics than this. It is all very reasonable for the "Spectator" and other Unionist journals to praise Mr. Burns and others who for the moment are playing the game of statesmanship, but it is dead sure that when the moment comes for Mr. Burns to touch the hearts anew of his friends in back streets of Battersea, he will have to take off his Court dress and "go in bald-headed". It will not do for him even to slip on a great-coat over the Court dress, as he does when he goes to see the unemployed waiting for their soup, for in this case a bit of the gold might show, which would be fatal. With one or two exceptions the moderates will go into the coming General Election as Jacobins, and some of the Jacobins will go in as Hébertists.

Party politics have lost a pathetic figure in Lord Tweedmouth. The last few years of his life were crushing with grief. "The cares of the world" laid hold of him with a vengeance, and we should say that few of his friends are sorry he is past all that. He was not a most attractive man to those who did not know him or did not know him well; and his somewhat assertive voice and manner in the lobbies and elsewhere scarcely gave the idea that he was refined or sensitive. But his intimates, we believe, can tell a very different story. And we all knew him as a brave man and a man who cared for and honoured his country. In the very cruel accumulation of his misfortunes is something suggestive of fate not blind but malign—the sort of fell malignity one is oppressed by in Hardy's stories.

At the Wolfe dinner on Monday night Colonel Seely announced a discovery that "we were a great people". The discovery had been made "a few years ago", not by the gallant politician, but by "a farm labourer". It concerned a dead hero of ours, and the labourer said of him "He died for a good cause, and they was brave men as killed 'im". Then the statesman saw that we were "great". There are several other instructive discoveries awaiting him, but farm labourers like this are not met every day. With others as well as the Colonel, the main theme was the proof of our greatness in "shaking hands with a brave foe when we have conquered him"; not one word from the standpoint of the other fellow, his readiness to shake hands with his conqueror when he is conquered. There is no greater cause for foreigners misunderstanding us than this national defect in our mental objectivity, which the Colonel illustrates so well.

The speech of the Kaiser at Karlsruhe on Saturday strikes a true note; and the ears which on such occasions are bent carefully down to detect a false ring will hardly be gratified unless they be of that peculiar quality which hears nothing but what it wants to hear. Once more the army is soberly declared to be the rock upon which peace is built. A feeling of national security is the best safeguard against unneighbourly suspicion and the chances of panic. Such propositions are self-evident, but they need to be stated. Until a nation can declare itself to be kriegsspielfreudig, it cannot be said to know the blessings of peace—a paradox which is a truism.

The Young Egypt Congress at Geneva has done its best to show how completely unfit its members are for independence and autonomy. Mr. Keir Hardie's presence alone would suffice to put them out of court.

But, as though more were wanting, the delegates must needs welcome certain Irish Nationalists as frères d'infortune. How far the Egyptians enjoyed the rhetoric of Messrs. Hardie and Kettle we do not know—they probably found the subsequent excursion on the lake a refreshing contrast—but we are quite sure Messrs. Keir Hardie and Kettle were full of enthusiasm for the speeches in Arabic. Those in French they possibly did not follow. Ireland must be a little jealous of Egypt. She has been fighting for Home Rule for the best part of a century: Egypt has only lately awoken to her rights, and the Young Egyptian announces that he will get them soon. Nor will he suffer the indignity of asking them of Great Britain. He will get them from the Khedive direct. Such a snub England will feel keenly.

Lord Kitchener is the youngest Field-Marshal of modern times, not excepting Lord Wolseley. He is not yet sixty, so we may hope he will serve the Empire for at least another ten years. The mystery as to his new appointment does not clear. Mr. Haldane shelters himself behind the general statement that the time is not yet ripe for revelations. The truth seems this—the Government do not wish to have Lord Kitchener at their side. He is not a lover of shams. By placing him at Malta, and charging him with the inspection of all the troops in the African continent, they have given him plenty to do elsewhere than in Whitehall. If this be their object, they have got the wrong man.

Great Britain, thinks Lord Dudley, is still first in the world's markets, but is losing her lead year by year. Recognition of that accounts for the preponderance of opinion among the delegates of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire and the striking confession of Sir Albert Spicer, the President of the Sydney Congress, that he would vote for the preference resolution though personally opposed to it. The free traders among the delegates made an appeal, hardly less significant, that the mother-country should be allowed to decide for herself what is best in her own interests. The desire throughout the Empire for commercial reciprocity is quickened with every meeting of the business men of the Empire. The next Imperial Conference should be solid for preference.

The report of the Tariff Commission issued on Thursday morning takes the work a long step further, and affords grave study for those who say that Protective countries cannot export with success. For example, from 1895 to 1907 Germany's exports of manufactures into our colonies increased 135 per cent., and those of the United States 315 per cent.; while our own increased only 95 per cent., though our colonies make substantial concessions in our favour. The report is rich in instructive things like this.

The demand for aviators seems to exceed the supply; at least they find it so at Boulogne. Captain Ferber is the only competitor this luckless enterprise has succeeded in attracting. There is a warning here for stage managers in a new line of business. The stars must be booked well in advance. At Brescia this was done; and the meeting has been strikingly successful, especially from the point of view of Mr. Curtiss, to whom it brought new laurels. Meanwhile neither M. Latham nor M. Blériot seems to like Wembley, and there is small prospect of a performance there. Our condolences this week are asked for Mr. Cody, who has damaged himself and his machine rather badly. Mr. Cody is all the more in need of public sympathy, as official sympathy does not seem to have been offered to him with a liberality at all in proportion to his importance.

Commander Peary and Dr. Cook will have to make haste or they may find that people have grown a little tired of them before they have cleared accounts. They deserve to go a little into the background as a penalty for having contrived to make themselves more interesting than was at all necessary. Since Dr. Cook challenged discussion by his deviousness, and Commander Peary deafened all ears by the vigour of his

self-announcement, there has been no rest for anybody. Now, although we have both accounts substantially complete, the personal question remains exactly where it was. One thing alone is certain. Peary must "nail" Cook or beg pardon.

Meanwhile, it would be well if the people in this country, who have just shown such marked interest in Arctic exploration, were to turn from what has been done by America to what remains to be done by Great Britain. Next summer Captain Scott is to go to the Antarctic to continue the work of Lieutenant Shackleton. Though the immediate aim of the expedition is the establishment of a new base from which the Pole may be more easily approached, yet the Pole is always there to be discovered, and, if it is discovered this time, it will be by motor sledge. British enterprise has achieved such swift results in the South, that it is only fitting that it should proceed to a worthy conclusion. But £40,000 is required. Perhaps those journals which have made money out of the American discovery would like to head the subscription list.

On Wednesday at Lichfield was celebrated the bicentenary of Dr. Johnson. It does not seem two hundred years since Dr. Johnson was born. He is so very much nearer to us than scores of other people whose centenaries we are just clear of having celebrated. His proximity is easily explained. Dr. Johnson does not live by his books. Few read the "Lives of the Poets", fewer still consult the Dictionary; though both are works of classic excellence. He does not live by his deeds, or by his opinions. Deeds have a way of throwing doers into the shadow; and opinions grow speedily old. He lives by his conversation, in the widest sense of that word; by the play of his personality upon other personalities.

To say that he found a Boswell does not explain him. It was the fortunate accident that brought the born biographer into contact with the born subject for biography which has to be thanked for that "Life of Johnson". It so happened that at a certain period of English social history a man existed who reacted vigorously and articulately to all the ideas and prejudices of his age, and that at the same happy time another man was found to devote himself body and soul to the observation of these multifarious reactions; a man who, for posterity's sake, was content to be kicked, that he might record the manner of the kicking. The result was that perfect piece of life, which is as near to us to-day as it was to those who saw some of the actual living.

As for Lord Rosebery's address on Johnson, we wish it had not been quite so good. We sat up very late after a heavy day's work and read it in the pamphlet form which Mr. Humphreys has just published; and one pays for such indiscretions next morning. There is nobody who can touch Lord Rosebery in these literary exercises. In this Johnson address there was not a touch too much and not a touch too little. It is better than his "Pitt", which we have read half a dozen times despite Lord Acton's angry criticism of the book as spurious history.

A million and a quarter copies of Lord Rosebery's Glasgow speech were sold by Wednesday, and the thing is still selling. Yet the Radical critics insist that Lord Rosebery is followed by nobody; that he is wholly ineffectual and vapid"! But in truth the speech has been a great success. We hope, by the way, that no host or hostess was troubled in vain at Glasgow. At Chesterfield, at the time of the great speech there, a leading family understood it was to entertain Lord Rosebery, and made tremendous preparations to do the thing well. All the people were turned out of their rooms, the house was upside down. At the last moment it was announced that the great man was going back south by special train after the speech. It is bad enough entertaining angels, but to make in vain preparations to entertain them is quite too much.

#### LORD ROSEBERY'S MANIFESTO.

**L**ORD ROSEBERY'S speech at Glasgow is a stimulating reminder that the art of political oratory is not yet extinct. It is at the same time a tantalising example to our hustled and scuffling statesmen of the necessity of leisure for the preparation of an effective manifesto. How our worn-out House of Commons leaders must envy Lord Rosebery the opportunity of thinking, not only what he shall say, but how he shall say it! Long ago Lord Chesterfield pointed out to his son that the subject-matter of politics is common property; the facts are equally known and almost equally accessible to all who "meddle with the government of men". As that acute philosopher observed, what makes the difference between a good and a bad speech is not superior information, but the style in which the facts are marshalled and the manner of the speaker. Lord Rosebery knows no more about the Budget than any member of Parliament or political journalist. He could not give us any new information; but he put familiar propositions in a new setting, and said what he had to say in a manner that no other living statesman can surpass. The Glasgow speech is full of mordant, portable phrases that will linger in the mind. The Radicals can find nothing to say against the speech except that Lord Rosebery was not a successful party leader and that he is a landowner. It is true that Lord Rosebery did fail as a leader of Jacobins, but that is partly because he has the judicial mind, like the last Lord Derby but one, and partly because he had the misfortune to stray into the wrong party when he was young. As for his landlordism, we must repeat his own query: When did the landowners become criminals and pariahs? Mr. Asquith may put in a good party answer to Lord Rosebery. But Mr. Lloyd George's simile of "the soft-nosed torpedo" only deepens the disgust with which grave and decent men regard the levity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Rosebery cruelly, but with perfect accuracy, characterised the Budget as "a long and haphazard catalogue of impositions" and as "a revolution without a mandate". These latter words seem to us to indicate, as clearly as language can, what the House of Lords ought, in Lord Rosebery's opinion, to do with the Budget. A revolution without a mandate is obviously a catastrophe which can only be prevented by a reference to the electors. Yet because Lord Rosebery stated what everybody knows, namely, that he is not the leader of the House of Lords, and that, as he has always been in a minority in that assembly, he cannot assume the responsibility of advising it as to its action, it has been triumphantly proclaimed by the Radicals that he is opposed to the rejection of the Bill. This is indeed the perversity of a frightened faction. When a statesman says that it is "not in the best interests of the nation that this financial measure should pass" he must mean that it should be rejected, or he means nothing. One of Lord Rosebery's most skilful hits, in the picturesque line, was his deputation of the present Cabinet with the Bill in their hands to a centenarian Mr. Gladstone—"they would soon find themselves on the stairs, if not in the street". Bitterly as we opposed Mr. Gladstone in his life, let us pay this tribute to his character: he would never have stooped to the use of finance as "a weapon to solve constitutional problems"; he would never have condescended to wield the Budget as a scourge for the backs of his political opponents.

Lord Rosebery went straight to the heart of the matter when he showed that the only sincere and logical justification of the otherwise absurd taxes on land is that private property in land is wrong. Mr. Lloyd George and his unofficial lieutenants, Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Snowden, are all avowed nationalists of land. If this be not the basis of the Budget, then all the arguments for the confiscation of unearned increment apply irresistibly to all kinds of property, to Consols as well as to dirty acres. There are some Radicals who are in favour of "expanding" the doctrine of unearned increment so as to include money and shares. Not, we think, very many, because there are too many captains of industry in the Radical party, too many Brunners and Mond's



Pearsons and Furnesses—to say nothing of their latest acquisition, Baron de Forest—who would not relish this kind of logic when applied to their millions of share certificates and bonds to bearer. Mr. Henry, the bosom friend of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, might also resent his dealings in copper being treated as unearned increment. So that for the present, at all events, we think that money and shares, and all that is called in Bankruptcy Buildings “rash and hazardous speculation”, are safe from Mr. Lloyd George. But only for the present, because Mr. Chiozza-Money, in the debate on the death duties on Monday, explained with a candour that arrested Mr. Balfour's attention the collectivist idea that the State can spend an individual's income better than he can himself. As an antidote to such doctrines Lord Rosebery did well to expound to the business men of Glasgow the basic theory of all civilisation, namely, that the State guarantees the undisturbed enjoyment of their property to its citizens. Civilised men surrender to the State their natural right to defend their persons and their property with their own hands. But the consideration for taxes and obedience is the protection of property, and if the State not only fails to perform its part of the bargain, but practises robbery, society is dissolved into its original elements, and civil war supervenes. The latter is not quite so impossible an event as some people imagine. The Northern and Southern States went to war about a question of property, nominally about State rights, in reality about the ownership of slaves. It is not difficult to imagine a country like our own embarking on a civil war about the ownership of land.

We are glad that Lord Rosebery had the courage to attack “sans phrase” the death duties, which he described as “the gravest part of the Budget”. There is too much disposition on the part of Conservatives—we noticed it in Mr. Balfour's speech on Monday—to apologise for opposing these duties. Unionists as a rule are so anxious to show their willingness to pay that the death duties are handled in the most gingerly fashion. We agree with Lord Rosebery that this taking chunks of capital out of the national store and wasting it for the most part on such unremunerative objects as official salaries, is one of the most objectionable features of the Budget. But it is part of the Socialist programme to multiply salaried officials, who become, as in France and in the United States, election agents of the Government. To the financial theorist income tax appears to be as much a subtraction from capital as the death duties. In theory it is so; but in practice it is not. It is an interesting historical fact that Sir William Harcourt resorted to death duties because he thought a graduated income tax impossible. Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister at the time, and he now tells us that his Chancellor of the Exchequer saw no way of differentiating between earnings and inheritance but by a scale of death duties. But Mr. Lloyd George rushes in where Sir William Harcourt feared to tread; and we have both a graduated income tax and expanded death duties. To make the death duties an important part of the revenue is to live on the national capital, to spend it as income. Does it never occur to these Socialist financiers that in the event of war there may be no reserve to draw upon?

With the unerring hand of a master Lord Rosebery touched a chord in our national character when he dwelt upon the inquisitorial proceedings which this haphazard catalogue of impositions will necessitate. Chatham's saying was none the less impressive because of its familiarity. A really good quotation ought to be an old friend in a new light. The clause which proposed to make gifts “inter vivos” for a period of five years before death liable to duty was so preposterous that we could not believe it would stand. “For five years before death, according to the provisions of the Government, you are to live under death's icy hand. You may be walking about physically well, physically as other men, but financially you are a ghost.” Alarmed by the revolt of two or three Liberals, the Government modified this clause. A man is only to be like Sir Aylmer Aylmer—dead for three years before his death. This striking and humorous passage in Lord Rosebery's speech led up to a fine peroration about the tyranny of

Socialism and an impassioned plea for individual liberty, already we fear a lost cause, a forsaken belief. Only the coming election can show whether these fears are groundless. If the result of that election should set the seal of popular approval upon this tyrannous and inquisitorial taxation, then we can only say, with Lord Rosebery, that the character of the British nation is much changed.

#### “YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LAND.”

IF Ministers were still practising concealment of their animus against the country gentleman, the last rag of pretence was thrown away when Mr. Lloyd George suggested that land may be taken in satisfaction of the death duties. The idea has been embodied in one of the new clauses awaiting the attention of the House of Commons. A great effort, we think, should be made to defeat the proposal. It was not to make things easy for the new squire that the Chancellor of the Exchequer adopted this insidious afterthought. The object is to break up the inheritance. Nor is the trap unskillfully prepared. Rather than raise a lump sum of money which can only be repaid after several years of self-denial, the incomer may be tempted to “cut off a great chunk of his estate” and hand it over to the tax-collector—in the hope of enjoying the remainder without debt or incumbrance. There are, of course, many properties that comprise outlying or disconnected pieces which it may be more profitable to part with than to retain. But in such cases the owner, if he had no cash at his bank, would naturally sell them and thus discharge the Treasury claims. There would be no occasion for him to pay his taxes in kind. The debtor to whom Mr. Lloyd George wishes to apply the screw is the man who has come into a reasonably compact and self-sufficing estate. The value of the whole would be quite disproportionately impaired by the sale of a part. Here the tax-collector has the squire at his mercy, and may be trusted, with his highly developed sense of professional duty, to drive an unconscionable bargain. Practically he can dictate terms, for the State debtor knows that a tenth part, say, of his acreage would not fetch ten per cent. of the market value put upon the whole estate.

In considering this scheme we have confined ourselves to the case of agricultural land, since it has little or no application to urban property. The possessor of ordinary town sites and buildings, whether in large or small quantities, is a comparatively free agent. He can deal almost at pleasure with his possessions. Where, again, there are more or less continuous estates, like those belonging to the Duke of Westminster or Bedford, the question of impecuniosity should not arise. It would be a regular part of the chief agent's business to provide against such an emergency. Nor is he likely to be caught napping by the Treasury. Very different is the position of the country gentleman, whether on the grand or petty scale, who, even if he were a trained man of business, would not, as a rule, be able to negotiate on equal terms, since the other party, as creditor, could use a very cogent form of pressure. No wonder that in the debate on Monday afternoon in the House of Commons a vigorous protest was made by Mr. Evelyn Cecil. In his pleasant, smiling way Mr. Haldane tried to put the question by, and passed on to what he thought were less uncomfortable topics.

“Land nationalisation is bound to come”, so Mr. Lloyd George has declared, “but it must come by easy stages”, and one of those stages, it seems, is whittling away the country gentlemen's estates. What the State will do with these scattered plots and patches of land is a question that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has, perhaps, not asked himself. Probably they would be handed over, after several months of circumlocution between the Treasury and the Board of Agriculture, into Lord Carrington's keeping. He would be instructed, perhaps, to co-operate with the various county councils concerned and carve the annexed territories into small holdings. Or, again, these odds and ends of farms might be treated as objects for the Development Fund and generally advertised in majorem LL. Georgii

gloriam. The one thing certain about their destiny is that in no wise could these State lands be made to pay their way. But it was for no such humdrum banausic purpose that they would have been acquired. The object of the whole operation is to further the general policy of exasperating, impoverishing, and turning adrift the country gentleman.

So far as a single motive may be discerned in the course of the Campbell-Bannerman-Asquith Administration it has been found in the humiliation of the County and pampering the snobbish villadom of the towns. This was the meaning of the Act for reducing the qualifications of county magistrates, so that any little social climber who had made himself useful to the Liberal party could be admitted to rub shoulders with gentlemen. Altering the law was not enough: an organisation in the House of Commons (in membership largely identical with the reduction-of-armaments group) was formed and kept up for the express purpose of applying pressure to the Lord Chancellor. Happily, at the outset, it managed to stroke Lord Loreburn's fur the wrong way. That easily ruffled politician and excellent sportsman flatly and repeatedly declined to flood the bench with political nominees. Although, quite properly, he has taken care that the claims of presentable Liberals should not be overlooked (as in too many counties had been the case), he has fairly well maintained the standard of personal merit and dignity. For this "treason to Liberalism" he has been maliciously attacked, sometimes with open and clumsy upbraiding, but more often with sympathetic paragraphs to the effect that his obviously failing health would very soon necessitate his retirement. In spite of these delicately conveyed suggestions, the self-confident and straightforward gentleman whom all Oxford cricketers affectionately remember has gone on and intends to remain as wicket-keep for the team.

It was, undoubtedly, because the county councils in England and Scotland are largely manned and still more largely influenced by country gentlemen that the Government have aimed a series of blows at local government. One of the reasons why the Scottish Small Landholders Bill was rejected by the House of Lords, after it had been mercilessly shown up by Lord Rosebery, was that the county councils were to be placed under official tutelage. In the corresponding English measure the same feature has been successfully inserted, and was made the subject of vulgar boasting by Mr. Winston Churchill. All this was of a piece with the taking over of Mr. Agar Robartes' Land Tenure Bill, an elaborate scheme for setting up an incomprehensible tenants-right system in England which could be fruitful in nothing but litigation and quarrels between landlords and tenants. It happened, however, that the Ministers who had charge of it were somewhat conspicuously ignorant of country matters, and the Bill, before it reached Lord Carrington and was converted into an ordinary Agricultural Holdings Act Amendment Act, had been transformed into a fairly inoffensive example of superfluous legislation. Not such was the idea with which the Government started, for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his confidential advisers, Lord Pentland and Mr. Churchill, should not be cheated of such credit as is due to men taking service against the class to which they belong.

From the sweeping success which the Liberals made at the general election in the counties they seem to be strengthened in their inveterate belief that they can always win the labourers' vote if they rail at the squire and parson. We shall see. The results of recent contests in rural districts have not been encouraging to the fomenters of village strife. So far, there is no evidence that the peasantry are overcome with gratitude to the party which has set up a few of their number, not always of the highest local reputation, in rather dubious small holdings, and dribbled out pensions to some old folk. Not even when the sum of the Government's rural achievements has been swollen with the Development Grant Act will anything have been done to justify the grand and mendacious promises with which the Radicals bought their way into power.

#### GERMANY AND SEA-POWER.

EVERYONE deplores the costly race in armaments between Great Britain and Germany; everyone would welcome some agreement whereby a limit might be set to the ever-growing expenditure on warships. It is common knowledge that the British Government took the initiative in suggesting negotiations and that the German Government refused to entertain the suggestion; so many have jumped to the conclusion that the German is a quarrelsome fellow to whom we may one day have to teach a lesson at the sword's point. As a fact neither the German people nor the German Government are hopelessly Chauvinistic, but the most disquieting feature in the present situation is that the British authorities are only prepared to do a deal on terms which any patriotic German would think it positively dishonourable to accept. It may be regarded as certain that no British Government would conclude, and that no British Parliament would sanction, any agreement which did not ensure us an overwhelming naval superiority, represented by the two-Power standard or some equivalent formula. To invite the Germans to conclude a bargain under such conditions is, to German eyes, something of a humiliation. It is tantamount to the suggestion that Germany should accept a position of permanent and indisputable inferiority, and as such is emphatically repudiated by a great Empire always a little touchy as to its dignity.

There is thus revealed a fundamental difference between the British and the German attitudes towards the two-Power standard formula. To the Englishman it is something of a law of nature, as though the sea supremacy of Britain were established by the grace of God. To the German that same formula is a challenge to the world, which any Power determined to assert its independence must necessarily take up. It is a challenge which Germany in particular finds herself forced by her destiny to accept. Not only does she hold her over-sea possessions by the sufferance of Great Britain, in itself an irksome thing, but her position among the nations is permanently depressed by the silent and relentless influence of British sea-power. It is Germany's ambition—and it is not for us to condemn an ambition which we happen to find inconvenient—to become a world-power, and the most obvious sign of world-power is having a world trade. As things are now, Germany's inter-continental trade is largely dependent on British goodwill. If an outlet for German goods is found in the North Sea, Britain with her fleets lies clean across the main trade route. If an outlet be sought in the Mediterranean, Britain again possesses Gibraltar and controls the Suez Canal and is thus able to dominate the situation. And in case Germany should ever forget the precarious tenure under which she holds her place in the world's markets, she has the European history of the last two centuries to warn her that an extension of her seaboard westwards or an expansion to the Mediterranean would be regarded by Great Britain as *casus belli*. It is, indeed, the law of our national existence that we cannot allow the strongest land Power on the Continent to be master of the coast-line impinging on our sphere of influence. But it is not unnatural that the German should ask what right has Britain thus to enforce her will upon Europe in general and upon his own country in particular.

The mere assertion, then, of our naval superiority is not unnaturally regarded by many patriotic Germans as an act of defiance; but when that assertion takes the shape of the two-Power standard formula, defiance becomes changed into menace. To the English mind unassailable superiority is essential; to the German mind it is outrageous. For hundreds of miles the German frontier is coterminous with that of two great military Powers, but Germany has never presumed to establish a two-Power standard in army corps. A German army equal to the forces of France and Russia combined would be interpreted both by France and Russia as a threat, and Great Britain would scarcely dispute the interpretation. But if a German two-Power army is intolerable, wherein lies the justification of a British two-Power navy? Many a leading article in the German



press has indignantly denounced the sheer hypocrisy of the British people in thus arrogating to themselves a preponderance which they would be the first to deny to an alien Power in another element. Again and again are German readers bidden to regard the British Navy as corresponding to the German Army, and the conclusion is pressed home that neither Britain at sea nor Germany on land may claim a position of absolute supremacy, but must be content to be first among equals.

The argument rests on the obvious fallacy that sea-power and land-power are in some way comparable, though, as every Englishman knows, a naval battle is far more decisive than any land fight can be. If Great Britain were to be defeated by an inferior sea Power, as she was defeated by an inferior land Power at the beginning of the South African war, she would be compelled to sue for peace. In the war with Japan Russia met with an unbroken series of defeats both ashore and afloat. But when the Treaty of Portsmouth was concluded her position on land was by no means hopeless, whereas her position at sea had been lost irretrievably. It would be easy to go through history multiplying instances of this elementary distinction between military and naval warfare. It is a distinction which the British people know well. Their experience has taught them that a land campaign may be successfully "muddled through", despite initial losses, but that the least mistake at sea means ruin. Unfortunately experience has taught the Germans no such lesson. They know that twice within half a century—first at Kunersdorf and afterwards at Jena—the power of Prussia was shattered as utterly as military power can be. They know that it was only a very few years before the defeated State was as strong as ever. But they do not know that there neither was nor could be any recuperation after the Nile or Trafalgar. Much irate and intolerant criticism would be avoided if it were remembered that many Germans have never seen the sea, that German history is practically empty of naval traditions, and that the average German is altogether destitute of that knowledge of the meaning of sea-power with which the average Englishman is endowed by instinct. Only when Germany has fought a naval war, only when she has realised that a single battle ends everything and that neither money nor patriotism is of the least avail, will she begin to understand that the two-Power standard represents no more than the minimum of British national and imperial safety, and carries with it not the least suggestion either of defiance or of menace.

No stronger illustration of the German ignorance of sea-power could be desired than the actual history of her naval development. Ten years ago she scarcely possessed a warship worth consideration. To-day she boasts a navy superior to any in Europe except our own. How did it come about that the German Empire, which for nearly a generation knew not the sea, attained so sudden a consciousness of its tremendous importance? Partly, no doubt, in virtue of the growth of German trade; partly through the acquisition of colonies; partly through an increased sense of imperial cohesion; but chiefly because of the action of Great Britain herself. In the early stages of the South African war certain German mail steamers were seized by British warships. The incident attracted little attention in this country and was thought to have been closed by the payment of compensation. But no one who was in Germany at the time can forget the storm of indignation which swept over the country. The seizure of the "Bundesrath" came indeed as a revelation to the German people, and, backed by the enthusiastic appeal of the Emperor, roused them from their false security. It must be remembered that Germany has no natural frontiers. Her only defences are the swords of her soldiers. When that safeguard has failed, and it has failed more than once, Germany has become the battle-ground of Europe. It is the first maxim of the new Germany, which came into being between 1806 and 1870, that German soil must be kept inviolate, and we, who have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp-fire on English ground, can scarcely

imagine how completely the German appreciates the fact that his army is the sole guarantee of national prosperity and even of national existence. The seizure of the German mail steamers ten years ago came like a thunderbolt. It suddenly brought home to the German people that they had yet another frontier to defend. It was as if Poland or Lorraine had been discovered to be denuded of troops. The danger was inevitably exaggerated by a people taught to think only in terms of land-power, but from the moment of its realisation the construction of a great German navy was inevitable. It is in vain to plead that the German people do not understand. The whole course of their history makes it impossible that they should understand, and they cannot now be reasoned into understanding. Only we must make allowances for the natural limitations of their point of view, that we may cease first to offer them terms which they must necessarily regard as degrading and then to misinterpret the grounds on which our proposals are rejected.

#### CITIZENS OF THE WORLD.

JOHNSON defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. There are, it appears, Englishmen who are determined to give that refuge a wide berth. They are not sure that they relish being called Englishmen. Unlike George III., they do not glory in the name of Briton, or Britain—which is what the young monarch really wrote. They would have enjoyed finding themselves under the rule of the first George, who did not understand a word of English. We refer to certain speakers at the Trades Union Congress, who raised the question whether a trades unionist can call any country "my own, my native land". The awkward fact of some local nativity cannot be evaded. But the enlightened working man need not love it or acknowledge any duty towards it. He not only will not say, with the mere Conservative, "My country, right or wrong"; nor will he merely refuse to say, with the mere Liberal, "My country, and therefore always wrong"; for he ought not to say "My country" at all. The true proletarian has no patria, no propria tellus. For he belongs to a brotherhood of Internationals, banded in every clime and country to fight property and capital, and therefore he may call no land his own. When capital is driven out of one place it tries to take refuge elsewhere, as a coney ferreted out of one burrow dashes for safety to another. A Labour party, however, which knows its business will have stopped them all. Whithersoever on the face of the earth the investor betakes his accumulations, he must find the "workers" organised to relieve him of what he has saved and prevent him from saving any more.

There seems, at first sight, to be something monastic, ascetic in this idea of detachment from the ties and entanglements of country and of blood. The postulant desiring to be enrolled in the Company of Jesus had this duty of renunciation impressed upon him as his first lesson. The Franciscan went forth into the wide world, leaving home and kindred behind, that he might extend the universal kingdom of the Redeemer. There have been black and grey, as well as red, Internationals. And, without being Jesuit or friar, every Christian has been taught that he is a pilgrim in a land that is not his, compelled to "seek a country", and that, his citizenship being in heaven, he can here only exercise a lodger's franchise. In the early days of Christianity, it is true, this was brought home to ordinary men and women more strongly than it is nowadays. Was it not Tertullian who observed that the Christian is at home everywhere and an exile everywhere? And while the Church was still in the missionary stage, before the nations had brought their honour and glory into it, or the fowls of the air had come to lodge in its spreading branches, its universal, extra-territorial and international character was more plainly seen and emphasised. In the mystical Body there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free. But even after the stooping

of that which is Heavenly and from Above to mate with this, that and the other race or nationality, becoming bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh, growing into its life and taking up that life into itself, the difficulty of adjustment between the Catholic and the particular or national was, and still is, the pivot of history. At the Reformation the nationalist feeling and self-consciousness rose in revolt against the larger idea of a single Christendom. England especially succeeded in getting its religion off its own bat—for Scotland became an appendage of Geneva—and the Whig conception of an "established" or "national" Church has always been that of a parliamentary arrangement for reflecting the religious ideas and aspirations of the average ratepayer. Nevertheless, the Church of England has managed fairly successfully to assert her own origination from and part and lot in the universal Fellowship and its *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.

Then, again, there are the Jews and the Gypsies and the Freemasons. And though, ever since the days of Byron, Liberalism has made a speciality of the independence of small nationalities—Greece, the Balkan States, Poland, Ireland, Finland, the Boers—yet, really and truly, Cosmopolitanism rather than Home Rule is the Liberal ideal. The lives and passions and interests of men are thought of as homogeneous, like water always finding its own level, and Humanity is regarded, not as a succession of land-locked seas and lakes, but as a great ocean laving every shore, one and indivisible. There is something grand in that notion, and it need not necessarily imply a formless monotony if we could think of the ocean merely as filling and glorifying and uniting an endless variety of diversified gulfs and bays and lochs and firths and inlets. As a matter of fact, the Cosmopolitanism of Liberal thought has been an ugly thing, effacing the beauty and interest of the multi-coloured universe. It has meant a single world-market, a single type of hideous dress, a uniform dullness of thought, and it is trying to impose on mankind a common *lingua franca* gibberish. But the doctrine of the solidarity of the human race need not necessarily do this. Only we would remind Liberals that the Brotherhood of Man and the common bond of Humanity is a mystical and spiritual idea—quite as much a religious dogma as anything in the Athanasian Creed.

Our friends the trades unionists, however, do not trouble themselves with any such conceptions. The internationality which they aim at is based not on community of faith or community of blood, but on community of interest. Nor is their solemn league and covenant an alliance for self-protection of the poor and miserable. Trades unionists are well-paid working men who are trying to become bourgeois. They have not the least intention of lifting up the hands that hang down or strengthening the feeble knees. Their one aim is to smash Capital. And, as Capital knows nothing of the kindred points of heaven and home, Labour must equally be detached from those points. It is to turn its back on United Italy and Yankee Doodle and England, my England. "Love thou thy land", we used to be told, "with love far-brought from out the storied past"; love and revere the strong mother of a lion-line, lifting her rocky face to storm and sea and streaming torrent. And then we were bidden to pledge the loyal hearts who long to keep our English Empire whole, the strong New England of the South, the England under Indian skies and the dark millions of her realm, and so forth.

"Hands all round!"

God the traitor's hope confound!

To this great name of England drink, my friends,  
And all her glorious empire, round and round!"

No doubt that was all very mid-Victorian, but we seem to remember Shakespeare had something handsome to say about this sceptred isle, this other Eden, demi-paradise, this precious stone set in the silver sea, this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, this nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings. Shakespeare lived, however, in an unenlightened epoch, and had he been a trades unionist he would probably have expressed himself very differently.

The first duty of Labour being to sit loosely to all ties of race and country, to expatriate and forisfamiliarise itself, it leaves patriotism—England and so forth—to the dukes. Exiles returning from antipodean lands, men of Anglo-Saxon breed who have never before visited the Old Country, have spoken of the strained gaze, the beating heart, and the eyes filled with tears, with which the far-off cliffs of England have been first descried. It would seem, however, that to-day no one can have that feeling for his country upon less than two pounds a week. The duty of "doing for" Capital forbids it. The outcome of an age of altruism is class-war to the death, and "homo homini lupus" is the humanitarian's creed.

#### THE CITY.

THE course of prices has justified our statement last week that Mr. Harriman's death need cause no panic amongst holders of American securities. Anticipating the end, Mr. Harriman made every preparation, and no sooner was he dead than all the leaders of Wall Street finance came forward to combat any attempts that might be made to break up the market. Extraordinary results have followed, prices not only being sustained, but in many cases advancing above the level of a week ago. There have been sharp fluctuations, and at one time Union Pacific dropped about \$10, but the net result is as stated. So far as the roads lately controlled by Mr. Harriman are concerned, there is reason to believe that Mr. Harriman's policy will in the main be steadily pursued by his successors. There may, and probably will, be less conservatism in the distribution of profits, but the internal management will be pursued on the old lines, and nothing is likely to be done to interrupt the progress of the last few years. Good internal management, however, cannot control Stock Exchange prices, and it yet remains to be seen whether the remaining powers will deem it politic or profitable to continue that support to the market which Mr. Harriman was able and willing to extend in times of crises. To gauge the future of the American market we must know what is to be the course of money in New York—and this it is impossible to ascertain or predict with any certainty. At the moment funds there are as plentiful as in London. Presently, however, money will be wanted to move the crops, and rates for accommodation will rise. Provided the rise is only normal, the stock market will not be materially affected. But if rates advance above the normal, then money which is now finding employment in Wall Street will be called in, and the chief support of the market will be withdrawn. In preparing for this contingency it is well to bear in mind that New York is now very largely indebted to Europe as a result of loans obtained on bonds and bills, that the creation of these is proceeding, and that Europe may not always be willing to continue the accommodation. London has indeed looked askance at American bills since the crisis in 1907, and as the year proceeds and money here begins to grow dearer, the difficulty of placing paper will increase. On the other hand, we have to remember that the crops in the United States have still to be gathered, that the harvest promises to be a very good one, and that the money which will have to be paid by Europe in purchase of grain and other food-stuffs will go a long way to set off this indebtedness.

The beginning of the gold drain to Egypt reminds us that the cotton crop of that country is far above the average, and that the higher prices obtainable may necessitate the withdrawal from the Bank of England of between three and four million sovereigns. Happily the Bank is in a very strong position and can spare all this amount without serious inconvenience. Unfortunately, however, the Bank is not adding to its supply of gold, except by obtaining sovereigns for which there is no immediate use in the country, and these will be called back as the year draws to a close. Of the monthly shipments of two millions or thereabouts from South Africa the Bank is getting no proportion. First Austria and now Russia is absorbing the supply, and so the Bank is accumulating nothing against the demands



which will be made upon it from countries other than Egypt, South America probably being the most persistent. Russia may not long continue to take the metal, and the Bank may yet get a good deal of South African gold before the year is out; but, if not, we must prepare for higher money rates in Lombard Street. We should probably get them in a modified degree if the trade of the country improved, but while the indications now are favourable to an expansion in business it is difficult to foresee what the course will be if a General Election should come upon us in the next two months. A political crisis would interfere with trade, though when it was over the reaction would be proportionately great.

Surprise is expressed that the slight improvement reported in trade finds no reflection in the traffic returns of home railways. Week after week heavy decreases are recorded. The fact is that the improvement so far is largely on paper. Manufacturers have been buying more freely, but the country generally has not been spending more, and so there is no increased movement of goods traffic on the railways.

#### INSURANCE AT LOW PREMIUMS—VI.

IN the first of these articles on life-assurance policies at low premiums we described term insurance, which provides for the payment of the sum insured in the event of death only if it occurs within a specified term. There is a chance, but no certainty, of a claim arising under the policy, wherefore we call it "insurance", as distinct from "assurance", which may be used for forms of policies that are sure to result in a claim at some time or other, provided the payment of premiums is kept up.

There is another form of policy which involves a chance, but not a certainty, of resulting in a claim. It is appropriately called "contingent survivorship", and provides for the payment of the sum insured on the death of one person if he dies before another specified individual, and only in these circumstances. Since there is only a chance, but no certainty, of a claim resulting the rate of premium is very low, and policies of this kind may be taken with advantage when, for example, a man wants to make provision for his wife should he die first, but in the event of his survivorship has no particular need for insurance. If a man and his wife are both aged thirty-five an annual premium of £18 7s. 6d., payable only so long as both of them are living, secures £1000 for the wife should the husband die first. A non-profit whole-life policy for £1000 effected at the same age would cost £22 10s. a year and would involve the payment of premiums throughout the whole of life if the full benefit of the policy was to be obtained. These policies are seldom to be recommended, however, when the ages of the two lives are approximately equal, and their chief value is for cases where reversionary interests are concerned. Thus if a man of thirty is sure to come into some money on the death of a man of sixty, provided the younger man survives the elder, but not otherwise, the contingent reversion can be made the equivalent of an absolute reversion by taking a policy of this kind. The annual premium for the insurance of £1000 in the event of a man of thirty dying before one of sixty is £12 6s. 8d., payable so long as they are both living. A policy of this kind makes possible the sale or mortgage of a contingent reversion. If the younger man survives to inherit the property the buyer or the lender is secure: if the elder man survives the younger, the latter never coming into the property and having no power to dispose of it by will or otherwise, the policy provides the equivalent of the money he would come into under the reversion if he lived.

Another form of life assurance that is useful in exceptional cases is concerned with two, or it may be more, lives in a different way. Take, for example, two brothers, who so long as either of them live can afford to support their sister, but if they both died she would be unprovided for. A last-survivor policy, assuming both brothers to be thirty-five years of age, would cost

only £15 a year for the assurance of £1000, which would be paid after the second death. This again is not a policy which is frequently advisable, but there are cases which it suits admirably; the reason for the premium being so low is that the probable date of death is a good deal later than if only one life is concerned.

Another method of providing adequate insurance protection at a low rate of premium is applicable to policies of almost every kind. The lowness of the premium is apparent rather than real, but the system has some practical utility. Instead of assuring for £1000, a policy can be taken which assures the payment of £50 a year for twenty years. It is true the beneficiaries receive altogether £1000 in this way, but the value of this benefit is only equivalent to £750 in cash at death. In effect the policy is for £750 instead of for £1000, but £50 a year for twenty years is nearly as good as, and sometimes better than, £1000 in cash, especially when there is a chance of the money being invested foolishly.

A valuable adjunct to a policy payable by instalments in this way can be secured at a small additional premium. The contract with the assurance company can be that while £50 a year, or its equivalent value in cash, will be paid to the estate of the policyholder, yet if some named beneficiary survive the assured by more than twenty years the income of £50 a year will be continued to that beneficiary so long as he, or more frequently she, survives. The least that can be paid is twenty instalments, while there is a possibility of the instalments being much more numerous. If a man dies when his wife is thirty-five, and she lives till eighty, she will receive the £50 a year for forty-five years.

#### CRICKET.

THERE comes a day in the year when on the sporting page of the morning paper cricket and football intelligence—for so it is called—appear in juxtaposition. It is an evil day. That unholy alliance means, first, the end of summer; second, it means the beginning of those innumerable league matches with their enormous following, the size of which constitutes the pride of those who, without being sportsmen themselves, talk of England as a country of sportsmen, the despair of those who, being sportsmen, realise the place of sport in life and see that you will seek it in vain in the professional football enclosure. This year the transition was especially noteworthy owing to the football dispute, which made it doubtful whether the football season was really to be allowed to begin. The rights of that quarrel will be variously judged, but one thing is certain: a game has forfeited its right to be a game in the true sense of the word when the considerations of which the dispute was the outcome are allowed to find a place. Well, professional football has reached that unenviable goal, and it is a warning. Cricket must not be allowed to travel even a step down that steep road of perdition. It must continue to be founded in the first place on the amateur, and in the second place it must remain in the strictest sense immutably territorial. Directly a game becomes professional and nothing else, the number of players decreases, and in a word you may say that the ideal of professionalism becomes the provision of a spurious pleasure by the smallest number for the greatest. "We work in order to play" said the Greek Anacharsis, and he did well to emphasise the contradiction between the two terms in his saying, and to point to the ideal whereby all should play for love in order to work and none for money in order to live.

We have often said there is a danger lest the amateur disappear more and more from first-class cricket. He is being extinguished by the exacting claims of first-class cricket as now played. During this year, with the Australians in England, one has been able to see the apotheosis of the modern cricket programme. One has also heard of the monotony of Australian cricket, of the hasty stoppages for rain, their tea intervals, and general delays. The two do not stand isolated; but the one is the result of the other. Those who have never played cricket do not realise the

extra effort required in order to strive for uncertain victory, and do not understand why it is that the Australians prefer, as undoubtedly they do, the tranquil alternative of a creditable draw. Long programmes generally mean dull and unenterprising cricket; the amateur does not care for such; we suffer from long programmes in England, and hence the amateur disappears. There are exceptions, it is true. Kent, and possibly Somerset and Hants, still remain strongholds, but the position of Middlesex is eloquent. The old University players are one by one disappearing, and there is nobody to take their place. To drop in and out of first-class cricket intermittently and with credit belongs to few. Thus it comes that the novice shuns so drastic a career, and besides, very often he has something else to do.

The season has not been of very great interest. Beyond the cricket of Kent there has been a singular lack of exhilaration, and the Test matches were, by all who saw them, confessed to be unparalleled for their joyless monotony. It is probably true to say that there is a lack of great players at the present moment, but at the same time it is also true that the general level of cricket is high. Ten or twenty years ago there were greater individuals, but now there are many more players of considerable capacity. It was then easy to pick an unquestioned English Eleven, but in 1909 it would have been easy to choose three, but hard to say a priori which was the strongest combination among them. Again we may seek for the cause in the same old grievance, and say that much cricket though it produces many cricketers, tends to stifle the very great, in the same way that much study makes Jack a dull boy. Indeed, the panacea for all cricket difficulties is the curtailment of the cricket programme, and the simplest way to that end is to diminish the number of first-class counties, or else to split the existing first-class counties into separate divisions. That will put an end to foot-weary cricket, and restore, if anything can, the amateur to the game.

There is no easier attitude than the attitude of pessimism, and especially in the realm of sport. Around a great game there always springs up a vast parasitic growth, obtruding itself unduly, exploited by the press, which catches at the irrelevant and leaves the core untouched. The chief hope for cricket lies in the jealous affection with which so many regard it; they know the dangers, and in defence of the game as a happy blend between amateur and professional they must be prepared to act.

#### THE BOYS AND THE BOTTLE.

BY "PAT."

SEVERAL times of late I have been down among the boys where they are struggling for Ireland among the cosy couches in the House of Commons smoke-rooms, and I do not remember having seen greatness achieved in a more comfortable manner; but the purpose of my visits has been much more serious—to get the boys to take an interest in Ireland as well as struggling for her. I do not like struggling. It suggests conditions of activity in which the results are of uncertain quality, even when there are results; and so might the boys do something for Ireland if only they would take an intelligent interest in her instead of struggling for her among the taxpayers' cushions.

Jolly fellows, most of the boys, and I wish the British public were acquainted with them. They have no way to make themselves known but through their speeches, and since they can never say what they think in their speeches they remain unknown, especially the good that is in them, with all kinds of misunderstanding to cause all kinds of mischief between England and Ireland. Not content to rise above mere fact, they always choose the fiction that makes them most objectionable, and then the British public, always weak in fiction, ask "If these be the best they can send from Ireland, what sort of a crowd must they be at home?" If only the boys would say what they thought, they would be found much like other people, but then—well, the cushions are less com-

fortable in Connaught, and the distance of Westminster affords exactly the right perspective for the most comfortable kind of greatness. Familiarity breeds distrust of fiction.

I have been trying to touch the latest twists in the current motives of "the cause", but at the mention of "the cause" I find them cold. At the mention of the faith I find them colder. Is not this a great change, and why? I have even pictured myself to them with a pike on an Irish hillside trying to shed the last drop of my blood for something I could not understand; but they only stared at me, explaining that pike-and-hillside pictures had ceased to sell, had become a drug in the fiction market, unless in America, where a few dollars could still be raised in this way, assuming "the ambassador of the cause" unusually eloquent. No "cause", no "faith", no pike, no hillside, and what then? No dollars and no cushions, unless the bran-sack by the fire-side of the bar parlour, where, after any length of time, familiarity grows dangerous to greatness. I notice an increased respect even for myself every time I return from London, the greatness of which is instinctively appreciated in Ireland. Suppose I were only a "mimber" of Parliament squatting on a bran-sack in the bar parlour night after night, casting the pearls of my oratory to corner-boys and exploiting my genius as a statesman to increase my turnover at the bar. No, London is the place to be a great man, and the only greater way to an Irishman's greatness at home is by pulling his neighbours down under him. Greatness is essentially comparative, and it is the province of statesmanship to decide which is easier—to get yourself above your neighbour or to get your neighbour below you. When everybody struggles to pull everybody else down the effect on the community is not at all the same as when everybody studies to get above everybody else; but the pulling-down plan is the popular one in Ireland, among "a nation of statesmen", where "you can kick an orator out of every bush", as Mr. Redmond once boasted in Australia. If only I could kick an orator into every bush, making sure that he could never come out again, I should spend the rest of my life planting bushes, and leave the Irish question finally settled.

When I had almost given up the hope of finding any current inspiration, divine or human, to move the boys, I thought of the Budget and mentioned the Bottle; their eyes lighted up, they gathered round me, and then I understood why they had supported everything else in the Budget, and fought as if at Fontenoy in defence of the Bottle. Since then I have never met them without mentioning the Bottle, and now they almost love me—except the honourable "mimber" for Archbishop Healy, who must have a Nonconformist strain in him. They can even forgive my cruel analysis of the League and the priests. They say I am to be one of the most popular men in Ireland. I have but to familiarise myself with the Bottle, and I become a "mimber" of Parliament, leaving a name to be enshrined under a special label by the Four Masters of the future. The cause of Ireland has become a cereal distillation; Kathleen Ni Houlihan, corked in "a quarter of a reputed quart", can be carried in the breast-pocket, and hilarity may provide the permanent antidote to its own reactions, a discovery of perpetual motion in the process of parliamentary happiness.

With all my watchfulness, the transition from the spiritual to the spirituous had come about without my knowing it, but I could see there was a new spirit in the air when the honourable "mimber" for Cardinal Logue, behind the backs of the boys, did battle for the Bottle, and set Mr. Redmond working to expel him for his devotion. Mr. Healy might do battle for the cause without danger to the popularity of the boys; but a man of such brilliant ability must not be allowed to get between Mr. Redmond and the Bottle. It was a great blunder, that holiday Mr. Redmond gave the boys, when the defence of the Bottle was left to the devoted "mimber" for Cardinal Logue.

Parliament is a pleasant place, in spite of the ventilation, but it means money, money means subscriptions, and nearly all sources are drying up, except the Bottle.



Mr. Healy could see this, and it was cruel of the Chancellor to renew the battle of the Bottle in the absence of the boys. The peasants refuse subscription as they become the owners of their holdings. What more can the peasants get for subscriptions? Forty years ago they were promised "the freedom of Ireland", but it did not interest them. What they wanted was land. That was the reason the leaders mixed the freedom and the land together; but now again they are getting separated, and where the peasant has got the land he will not give a shilling a year for the freedom. Besides, after forty years' promises, he finds that he can get the land only by paying for it, and he has all the time given his subscriptions on the understanding that he must have it for nothing; so that even where he has not yet bought his holding he grows unwilling to give subscriptions. The promises to him have not been kept, and it has a cooling effect on further promises. A peasant paying twenty pounds a year in rent, and believing that he could save £19 19s. of it, might well join the League with the odd shilling; but now he finds himself buying instead of simply getting, and the difference puts odd shillings in a new relation for him. A man who has been "led" for forty years to sacrifice his peace in quest of the impossible must have learnt something. He gives no more subscriptions, and when there are no subscriptions there is no "Cause". The priests are glad enough to control a party in Parliament, but the boys are worth the money to them only so long as the money is provided by somebody else. The "greater Ireland beyond the seas" makes it a rule to subscribe only in proportion to the subscriptions at home, which are now practically confined to the Bottle. Hence the great and sudden importance of the Bottle. The gombeen publican can always drill up those in his debt "for the good of the Cause", and so every "mimber" surrounds himself with a local guard of gombeen publicans. It is the last stand of the noble eighty, in an entrenchment of alcohol, and glass is not good material for fortification.

There is a search now for men who can pay their own way, and it adds wonderfully to the variety of "the Cause". The culture of Oxford is hired to grace the crudity of the professional cow-hunter, and the village publican lounges among the parliamentary cushions with the landlord son of the Irish Unionist leader, descended from the princes of Leinster. The newest recruit is my old friend "Colonel" Saul Lynch, on the way to his proper place among the prophets; the same hero who led his nomad traitors against the King in South Africa, and was pardoned by the King through the late Mr. Davitt and Sir Thomas Lipton. Why only "Colonel"? Did he not command a "brigade"? and is not that work for something more than a "Colonel"? Had President Kruger not been so hustled at the time, the valour might have been duly recognised, and we might now have Field-Marshal Saul Lynch taking the oath of allegiance to Edward VII. I notice, however, that even "Colonel" has been dropped since the oath of allegiance came to be contemplated, though our statesman was quite sensitive about his military dignities at the time I told the story in the SATURDAY REVIEW of how the King had let him out of gaol to his Christmas dinner. The dual allegiance to Kruger and to King Edward comes rather close in time, even for the versatility of the Irish mind; but the dropping of the "Colonel" may help to smooth the moral curvature of the performance.

I find the boys by no means enthusiastic about the "Colonel", and the daily papers reported only "Hear, hear, from three or four of them" when the leader of the Irish brigade "put the New Testament to his lips" in the House of Commons. Were they shocked by the suddenness of the transition? I think not. Should the whole truth come out, the boys have reason enough to be uneasy over their connexion with the Boer War. Mr. Redmond ought to remember a cheque for £100 put into the purse of his parliamentary party from an Irish patriot of long standing; a cheque drawn on an Amsterdam bank, from a sum of £4000 placed there by Dr. Leyds to the credit of the Irish patriot, for services contracted to help the Boers against the British. If Mr. Redmond cannot remember this cheque, he may remember the later one, for a like sum, drawn by the same

patriot on the same bank from the same deposit, and returned by the Parliamentary party—when they got to know that the secret of the first cheque had not been well kept. If Mr. Redmond cannot remember these transactions he might consult the most reverend bishop who acts as his treasurer to the Parliamentary Fund; and if they all deny it together, I still know that it is true. Besides, I could not accept the denial of the man who charged Sir Horace Plunkett with "infamous falsehood" when he had before him all the facts to show that the statements attributed by him to Sir Horace had never been made by him. The "Morning Post" has the whole story, early in August, and Mr. Redmond has not yet given a word of explanation. On the contrary, he has set up Mr. Stephen Gwynn and the "Irish Press Agency" to justify it. Thus the new prophet comes into the right school—except for the memory of the Amsterdam cheques, which may have been the cause for only "Hear, hear, from three or four of them". How much of Kruger's money may still remain to "foight" the battle of the Bottle "on the flure o' the British House o' Commons" I do not know; probably not much, because the total was not large, the value of Irish professional patriotism having fallen low even before the Irish Brigade went to South Africa. It is right to add that the Amsterdam cheques were not drawn by the "Colonel".

On the other hand, the boys are not rebels; it is only that they must have subscriptions. Rebellion does not flourish among cushions, and Ireland is now the last place to find an Irish rebel. Absence from Ireland is necessary to the ignorance that induces rebel subscriptions, and the Bottle yields the ordinary bond that brings home the Yankee debenture. The box-office depends on the bill of the play, and every great actor has his particular audience. The old stock repertoire is all but played out. It can no longer "draw", even with "the flure o' the House" for a stage. Touring does not produce its cost, and there is not one in the cast who can be "starred", not even Saul of Pretoria. Actor-managers never like to employ better actors than themselves, and the honourable "mimber" for Cardinal Logue must be "fired" from the company to accommodate the pre-eminence of mediocrity. It is not possible to level up the cast by levelling down the company; and Ireland, organised for decay, already reproduces it in her play-boys, the organisers, who have organised their own ruin—unless they can be saved by the Bottle. At the death of a host its parasites desert it, but not sooner, even when the host is a nation.

WOLFE.

By EDWARD SALMON.

A CENTURY and a half is a long time to wait for the full meed of a nation's recognition. If genius does not always command instant homage, if too often the mere trickery of talent is accorded a place to which it has no title, posterity may generally be trusted to adjust matters. Posterity's judgment is final. One hundred and fifty years after his death, posterity is delivering itself of the verdict that must obtain for all time henceforth as to the place on the national roll of fame which belongs of right to James Wolfe. How does it happen that the man whose glorious death gave to Britain a new Empire has been so little honoured; that only now is the movement afoot to give him that larger national memorial which his great work merits? When Wolfe died, Pitt found it difficult to tell Parliament what he felt the nation had lost; Parliament, in the moment of emotion, voted him a monument in Westminster Abbey, where he should surely have been laid. The nation had been lifted by his daring and his genius from a state of despondency and doubt to the very empyrean of joy and exultation, and the Government, of which Pitt was a member, refused his mother the means to carry out the modest bequests of his will. The glory on the one hand, the parsimony on the other, were fit symbols of the fate in store for Wolfe's memory. The monument was not placed in the Abbey till fourteen

years after the fall of Quebec, and within two years of its erection the American colonies, for whose sake Britain had bled and Wolfe had died, were in revolt. The French enemy had been driven out and the grateful American seized the first opportunity to strike at the hand which had relieved him of his century-long nightmare. Maybe it was felt at home that the conquest of Canada had paved the way to the loss of the thirteen colonies, and that Wolfe's and Amherst's work had gone for nothing. If only Wolfe had lived to deal with the situation his exploit had created!

Whatever the explanation, Wolfe's fame was meteoric. Others laid claim to the credit of his achievement, and the historian too readily accepted his enemies and rivals at their own valuation. Wright in the 'sixties—more than a century after his death—did something to show what manner of man Wolfe was and what his title-deeds to fame were. Mr. G. M. Bradley, most devoted of Canadian chroniclers, in a better position than Wright to judge of the imperial character of Wolfe's work, advanced matters a stage further some thirty years later, and then came the biographer of Townshend to prove after all that Wolfe died giving effect to the plan of others. Happily the archives have yielded up their treasures of fact, and even the biographer of Townshend to-day probably sees that Wolfe is entitled to every shred of credit for the masterly performance which made Canada British. I find nothing more piquant and gratifying in Mr. Beckles Willson's biography of Wolfe,\* appropriately published on the 150th anniversary of Quebec, than a note from Brigadier-General C. V. F. Townshend, who says he now understands why Wolfe "did not hit it off with his brigadiers". Jealousy of his preferment "explains the friction and consequent misunderstandings". To say so much is to make Wolfe's victory appear greater than ever, for clearly in fighting Montcalm Wolfe had to bear up against not merely the sore trials of the campaign but the want of sympathy in those who should have been his staunchest supporters. The moral as well as physical strain, which made Wolfe ill, would have broken an ordinary man, and there would have been no victory on the heights of Abraham. Without that victory Amherst's chances of early triumph in Canada were slender.

No one who has studied Wolfe's life in its fullness—the fullness of its action together with the fullness of its thought as revealed in his correspondence—can have a moment's hesitation in saying that if ever hero-worship was justified it is justified in the case of the conqueror of Quebec. Sir George White says that he reads the story of Wolfe's campaign on the S. Lawrence with feelings akin to awe. And Sir George White wears the V.C. Wolfe's martial instinct, derived mainly from his father, was of that order which we look for in the creations of a Kingston or a Henty. He was a volunteer for the Cartagena expedition at thirteen, and was only spared the risks of that disastrous affair by an opportune illness. He was an acting adjutant in the war of the Austrian succession at sixteen, and by the time he was twenty-one he had been through the severities of the campaigns in Flanders and in Scotland. Dettingen, Falkirk, Culloden, Laffeldt made of him a seasoned veteran at an age when most lads are learning the A B C of their business. During eight years of troubled peace he made himself the most efficient of British soldiers, as the regiments with which he was connected were admittedly the most efficient in the British Army. Where everybody else failed at Rochefort, Wolfe stood forth as the one individual whose counsel was worthy of Pitt's designs. At Louisbourg Amherst was in command, but Wolfe's was the animating spirit. Even the sailors with Boscawen talked of Wolfe's batteries and the booming of Wolfe's guns, and the French themselves protested in effect that he did not play the game because they never knew where he would turn up next. When the engineer directing the approaches said his motto was "Slow and sure", Wolfe promptly rejoined

"Mine is 'Quick and sure'—a much better maxim", and "Celer et audax" was the motto he gave the 60th Rifles. Had Wolfe been in command at Louisbourg, Quebec would conceivably have been taken, certainly would have been attacked, in 1758. Pitt knew what he was about the following year when he set Amherst to look after Ticonderoga and Crown Point whilst Wolfe was given the tough job of the campaign at Quebec.

For years past Wolfe had been denouncing the lack of efficiency and of enterprise in the British Army; he had educated himself beyond his fellows, had fought his way to preferment through every obstacle which nepotism, corruption and official stupidity placed in the path of men who had nothing more than their natural gifts to recommend them. He was only thirty-two when he was appointed to the Quebec command, and he confessed that he was called upon to play a greater part "in this business" than he wished or desired. "The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low", he told his uncle. Pitt sent Wolfe forth on an expedition which was to be a microcosm of British imperial power. Saunders, with his fleet linking up the divisions of Wolfe's army, was a perfect example of combined operations the secret of which Wolfe was the first to seize, as Mr. Julian Corbett has shown. Quebec was Wolfe's and the army's victory, but without Saunders and his fleet the campaign would have been impossible. Mr. Beckles Willson, with admirable but hardly discriminating devotion, strongly resents any attempt to place Saunders on a level with Wolfe. But this much must be said. In Saunders Wolfe had an ideal colleague, and it would have been well for the good name of certain other people if there had been more of his loyal disinterestedness on the military side. The story of Wolfe's stupendous task and accomplishment would then have been more pleasant reading and Wolfe's true claim on posterity would never have been called in question.

As a letter-writer Wolfe belonged to his century. Without literary pretensions, he managed to put much that was worth reading into English that seldom jars. Many of his reflections, which might be expected from a man twice his years, would be regarded as priggish to-day. One wishes there were more such prigs in the world. Wolfe could not enter into the distractions of the youth of his day, and his one lapse was long on his conscience. Devoted son, staunchest of friends, keen soldier, he found enjoyment in his studies, was partial to the society of ladies, was fond of his dogs, and so far as opportunity served, was a sportsman. Impatience of folly and incompetence was the keynote of his character. He was as anxious to avoid the company of fools as Dr. Johnson himself. His irritability was aggravated by a disease which was a sufficient handicap. The subacidity of many of his letters was not wanting even in the interchange of notes with his antagonist Montcalm. "Lettre d'une forme polie", says Montcalm in his journal, "et d'un style âcre de Wolfe." That admirably sums up the impression left on one by much of Wolfe's correspondence. Wolfe has been called the Nelson of the Army; Mr. Willson detects so many points of likeness in the two men that we should rather call Nelson, who came after him, the Wolfe of the Navy.

#### LETTERS FROM SOLITUDE.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

#### IV.

Connemara.

THIS letter is all about an island—a little island, as islands must be if one is to love them and make them one's own. It is called Inishmuskerry, and lies about a mile beyond the mouth of one of these long Connemara bays; it faces south-west to the open Atlantic, and the sea horizon is only broken by the three swelling curves of the Aran Islands and the white finger of their lighthouse. Your first sight of it is only a low jagged line of rock, less than a quarter of a mile long, with the sea breaking white at one end;

\* "The Life and Letters of Wolfe." By Beckles Willson. London: Heinemann. 1909. 18s. net.



but as you approach you see the green of grass above the rock, and a gleam of white where there is a sandy bay. You come nearer, and some of the black masses of rock detach themselves, and show you that the island is even smaller than you thought it; nearer still, and the little coast-line resolves itself into points and bays, until at last, rounding a steep rocky foreland where three or four cormorants are nearly always sitting, you sail up a calm little sound with the black detached wall of barrier rocks on one hand and a pearly white strand on the other. A few yards away, on the other side of those low rocks, the seas are breaking and bursting into snow and thunder; here are absolute calm and stillness, the shallow green waters sleeping in the sunshine and revealing the garden of sea-plants that hardly stirs beneath you.

You bring your boat alongside a flat rock, make her fast, and land. The island is uninhabited, or at least so they had told you; but you find that it is not so, for on your arrival clouds of black-headed terns get up from the rocks and begin to swoop and scream over your head; and as long as you remain there they will keep you under observation, and very indignantly talk about you, up there in their sunny world of wings. But you soon forget their voices, which, like the continuous roar of the surf about you, become as undisturbing as silence, and you are free to enjoy your possession of the island; for everything that we love and enjoy becomes our very own, and the extent of our possession is only the extent of our love.

And how shall I begin to tell you of the charms of Inishmuskerry? I will keep to the shore first, as I always do when I visit it. For those who like to walk into the sea on a sparkling white carpet and through clear emerald water, there is no place in the world for bathing equal to the white strand on Inishmuskerry. It is steep; you are in deep water in a moment; it is calm, but round by the rocks you can swim into all the surf you want. And then, when you have reluctantly left the water, and gone back to it again half a dozen times, you can lie naked on the hot sand and watch the terns and gulls swooping over you, and let the sun turn the salt on your body to stinging crystals, and be lulled by songs of *Halcyone* and *Ceyx* into a sleep that is half a dream, and a dream that is deeper than any sleep. And then when you have dreamed a little you may rise and eat, for food eaten in such a place has a savour of its own; and as landing on islands is one of the great joys of sailing on the sea, so eating when you land is one of the minor ways of enjoying an island.

And not until you have eaten and rested do you leave your little beach and strike across the grass that carpets the middle of the island. It is at the highest point only some twenty feet above sea-level, but it rolls about in little plains and valleys, and, small as it is (a walk of five minutes will take you from one extremity to the other), it contains almost every variety of pleasant feature. There is a spring, and a little pond of wild lilies; the pasture is deep and rich, and, in these barren parts, precious on that account; someone pays four-and-twenty pounds a year for Inishmuskerry, and his cattle come and grow sleek here. There is a little hut on it where the herd may spend a night. At the seaward end there is a great pile of stones that once supported a flagstaff, and two hundred years ago a man used to live here and watch other flagstaffs on other islands and points, so that when a foreign ship was sighted its coming might be signalled from one flagstaff to another, and the inhabitants ashore warned. For Inishmuskerry has not always been a mere habitation of seabirds and cattle. Tiny as it is, the drama of life has been enacted on its small stage, and love and strife, birth and death, played their parts here. If you look closely at the turf you will see the traces of furrows, parallel, and showing the hand of man; for in the old days the kelp burners had a few huts here, and tilled each of them a patch of earth to grow the potatoes on which they lived.

And there are other and smaller furrows, the graves of little children; the signalman had three children who, dying on the island, sleep here undisturbed

through the centuries. They were, I am sure, the real island people, for Inishmuskerry is too small for men or women to live contented on it; they would always be looking across at the shore, and wondering what the people there were doing and saying. But to the children the shore must have been a mere world of fable; this was the real world for them, with slippery rocks and roaring surges for perils and all the wild flowers of spring and summer for joys; with grey misty days for melancholy, and bright sunshine and shouting winds for gladness. These few yards of grass and rock were all their world; long, long ago they lived and played and died here—little lives and deaths, suitable for a little island like this . . . I had visited Inishmuskerry several times before I knew of these graves or heard their history, but from the first I had been aware, in spite of the screaming gulls and the watchful cormorants and the ancient roaring sea, of a strange atmosphere of innocence and peace; and if matter has any memory, or spirit any persistence, it should not in this country of dreams and fables be hard to believe that those small innocent spirits, unheard and unseen, still inhabit the island and keep it sweet with the haunting presence of youth.

And now that the children are dead the real island people are the terns and the puffins and the dark, satanic cormorants that perch in rows on the rocks and watch the sea with unwinking eyes. The terns especially have an air of proprietorship, and deeply resent the intrusion of a stranger. Just now they have special reason to do so, for this is their breeding-place, and you have to walk warily over the grass lest you hurt one of the young birds that are lying there, still in the elementary stage of their education—soft, fluffy little birds, very tame and easily picked up, and not at all resentful of a caressing hand. The gulls are always talking, always in a fuss; the cormorants never. They sit and sit by the hour, silent and motionless on a range of rock, and then with a flap of black wings launch themselves out like projectiles over the sea and are gone from sight. There is a heron, too, a very shy heron; there is a little drove of kittiwakes, and a wild bee that came over in my boat one day, and was very much astonished at the aridity of planks and ropes, and finally sat down on a withered pansy that was in the buttonhole of a coat lying on the floor, and sulked there until we made the island. Now she is glad, for on Inishmuskerry there are many kinds of wild flowers flourishing among the grasses, as well as the sea-holly, thrift and sea-pansy that grow in the sand of the shore; and when I am walking there I often hear the swift drone of her wings as she flies about on her fragrant business.

Have I wearied you with my island? If I have, the fault is mine, and not Inishmuskerry's; you would never tire of it if you knew it; there are such flowers in its field, such shells on its shore as would enchant you through many a long summer's day. You may even have your choice of climates there; you may sit on the south-western rocks, with the fresh wind and roaring surf about you, or lie in the sandy hollows amid the shy and delicate perfumes of wild flowers. Do you remember a certain great sea-wind at night that filled the darkness with the brushing of sable wings; a wind of infinite weight and infinite softness, that wrapped all the world in black velvet? Well, I found it again on Inishmuskerry the other day, when the white clouds were charioting northwards over a deep sky, and sun and wind and sea were all jousting together. This wind was heavy and soft, but instead of being dressed in black velvet it wore the colour of deepest blue, and its wrapping had not the thickness of velvet but the softness of silk; it brought me again the message of the velvet wind. And although Inishmuskerry has its melancholy, misty moods, I will not go to it then, for I would see it always as I know it now—a place so redolent of happiness that even if you went there unhappy, you would find hope growing among its asphodels and heather.

I have told you so much about this island because I think such places are among the best and most beautiful things in one's life. You cannot lose them, they cannot

fail or betray you, they are your very own always. From them you may often get a calm Pisgah-view, and see, beyond dim and foamy horizons, the sunshine touching the shores of some promised land. And although it is one thing to see the land, and quite another thing to reach it, it is always something to have seen it with your eyes, and to know that it is there; even if you go down off the very shores of your island, and see and are seen no more.

## LEAR AT THE HAYMARKET.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

MR. TRENCH has shown excellent high courage in using "King Lear" to inaugurate his tenancy of the Haymarket. Tragedy is not popular; and the most horribly tragic of all Shakespeare's plays has been, in recent times, the least popular. In the lusty Tudor days, before "nerves" had been heard of, men were able to revel in the gloomiest exhibitions. They were not afraid of the dark. We are. They liked to have their blood curdled. We have no blood to spare for that process, thank you. Thunder and lightning, barren heaths cowering under starless skies, exile and despair, the breaking heart, the tottering reason, treachery most foul, death sudden or lingering, seemed to the Elizabethans very jolly indeed. With music of flutes and scent of roses, and plenty of sweetmeats and amber wine, and not a cloud in the sky, we can just support the cruel burden of existence. In a word, we are civilised. "We don't want to be harrowed" is our constant cry. It was impossible to harrow the Elizabethans. "King Lear" ran through three editions in the first year of publication, and was no doubt advertised as "endless fun for young and old". Shakespeare himself was in many respects a highly-civilised man; very far in advance of his time. He would never have been able to conceive the story of "King Lear" on his own account; and, had he been as superior as Mr. Trench to the lust for lucre, he would never have taken "The True Chronicle History of King Lear and His Three Daughters" as a basis for work. In their original forms the stories of Macbeth and Hamlet were as barbarous as that of Lear. But Shakespeare breathed into them much of the spirit of his own premature civilisation; so that twentieth-century audiences can just manage to put up with them. The story of Lear he left barbaric. Whereas Hamlet and Macbeth are both of them modern and "sympathetic" persons, in "King Lear" all the characters except Cordelia, the good and the bad alike, are savages; and their story is one of almost unrelieved horror. "That's but a trifle here" says Albany when the news of Edmund's death is brought; and, oppressed by the steady accumulation of agonies "here", we smile a sickly smile at the aptness of the remark. If Shakespeare had invented his own plots, his genius would not seem greater to us than it does to-day. But it is useless to deny that his work would have been more satisfactory. And "King Lear" is especially one of the plays that are cumbered by their origin. There is too much in it that is merely silly or merely brutal—too much that Shakespeare did not transmute in the crucible of his brain. Mr. Trench, in his admirably written note on the play, says: "What insight, what imagination, to build on that first scene—a mere display of pettish temper on the part of a wilful old man—the mighty structure of the tragedy! . . . His tragically profound sense of humour perceived that the scene supplied a scope for irony which great imaginations have always found in human affairs." This is a handsome and ingenious excuse. But I suspect the truth is not that Shakespeare "perceived" anything of the kind, but that he just went straight ahead without taking the trouble to make sense of nonsense. Suppose Mr. Trench wanted a house built for himself, and the builder said "I don't mean to bother about the foundations", would that builder be complimented on his "great imagination"? Would not his sense of humour strike his client as rather too "tragically profound"? However, it is right that one poet should stick up for another. And Shakespeare's great imagination certainly did begin to work at high pressure so soon as he

got Lear out upon the storm-swept heath with the clown, and in the hovel where Poor Tom gibbered. Shakespeare never did anything more tremendous than the crescendo of those scenes, nor anything more exquisite than the diminuendo of the scenes in which Lear's life totters to its end.

If the theatrical presentment of such scenes is not to fall ludicrously short of one's vague mental conception of them, there must be an artist with high imagination, and with great power of design, to create the backgrounds for them. Mr. Charles Ricketts has risen to the level of his great opportunity. His scenery has a large and simple dignity of line and colour. It is a fit setting to tragic issues. It looms ominous in infinity. Darkling forests, sheer scarped cliffs, rude structures of stone—all are admirably right. I cannot praise his storm-swept heath, because I did not see it. Lear raved in inky darkness, which the streaks of lightning strove vainly to illumine. This was a pity. One needed to see Lear as well as to hear him. In real life, on so very stormy a night, one would not be able to see anyone, even at close quarters. But neither would one be able to hear him. The stage-manager at the Haymarket does not carry realism so far as to make Lear inaudible. That would be manifestly absurd. But hardly less absurd is it to make Lear invisible. Lear's face and figure are needed to illustrate his words. We should be surprised to see footlights and lime-lights on a stormy night out-of-doors. In the storm-scene of "King Lear", if they were used rightly, we should not notice them. Obscurantism, on the other hand, is noticeable, and a nuisance. Away with it!

I have never seen a better Lear than Mr. Norman McKinnel's; but then, I have never seen another one. Salvini's was before my time; and Irving's I missed. I imagine that the beauty and dignity of Irving's presence must to some extent have atoned for his lack of lung-power, and his inability to declaim blank verse. Mr. McKinnel's lungs are magnificent, and he has a true ear for the rhythm of verse. But his voice lacks variety, and is not in itself of a beautiful quality. And his presence, though impressive, is not regal. Lear was a barbarian, but he was a king. And much of the pathos of his tragedy is lost through our difficulty in believing that he, as presented by Mr. McKinnel, has ever been anything more than a solid and trustworthy liege. Still more of the pathos is lost through the impassiveness of Mr. McKinnel's face. It is a face that has only one expression: a sort of glum astonishment. Wrath, sorrow, fear, remorse, cannot be mirrored there. When he speaks of "these hot tears, which break from me perforce", the words ring strange, as coming from one whose lachrymal glands are under such perfect control. All that can be done by accomplishment and keen intelligence Mr. McKinnel does. What he leaves undone is the fault only of his physical and temperamental limitations. It is when Lear's spirit has burnt itself out, when his fury has spent itself and him, that Mr. McKinnel, who has given us all the forcefulness of Lear, but nothing of the fire, really rises to the level of the part. In that marvellously conceived speech which begins with the words "Pray do not mock me. I am a very foolish fond old man", Mr. McKinnel achieves a fine and memorable effect of pathos.

Miss Ellen O'Malley, looking curiously like the early portraits of Miss Ellen Terry, is charming and touching as Cordelia. As Goneril and Regan, Miss Ada Ferrar and Miss Marie Polini have an air of wishing to show how charming and touching they too could be if they hadn't been cast for such unpleasant parts. In pantomime the two Proud Sisters of Cinderella are always played by men. In the case of Goneril and Regan, who are uniform with them, this tradition might well be followed. Mr. Fisher White, as Cornwall, is as barbaric as one could wish. Mr. Hignett puts plenty of fantasy into his impersonation of the clown; but, for the right effect of the clown's juxtaposition to Lear, it is a pity that Mr. Hignett is not a smaller and more agile man. Mr. Quartermaine is excellently weird as Poor Tom. It is a pity that Mr. Hearn makes Gloucester so decrepit from the outset. There is hardly



any contrast between Gloucester before his sufferings and Gloucester after them. It is also a pity that Edmund was not meant by Shakespeare to be a quiet, blameless, rising young Civil Servant of the twentieth century. For then Mr. Dawson Milward's rendering of the part would leave nothing at all to be desired.

#### A NEW IDEAL FOR GARDENERS.

By SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

**D**ESPITE the present exuberance of gardening literature there are no signs of slackening demand, so intense and widespread is the prevailing fervour for horticulture. Most of its disciples are inspired by the sentiment which Linnaeus chose as his motto, "*Tantus amor florum*"—content if they can cause the long procession of flowering shrubs and herbs to brighten their borders, without much concern for the relation between garden and environment. It is not to such simple enthusiasts that Sir George Sitwell addresses his essay on "*The Making of Gardens*." They will search his pages in vain for precepts of cultivation, for advice about choice of species, preparation of soil, considerations of climate and aspect. In short, the author has nothing to say about the practical part of garden-making; he only philosophises about gardens when made, especially great ones made a long time ago.

Sir George Sitwell has made the gardens of Italy his special study, having visited nearly two hundred of them: a delightful occupation which has had the unhappy result of inspiring him with profound dissatisfaction with English garden design, which he finds "is seldom related as it should be to the surrounding scenery; it is often wanting in repose and nearly always in imagination". Could he support this complaint on a June morning in the gardens of S. John's or New College, Oxford, or floating down the "backs" at Cambridge?

"These old Italian gardens, with their air of neglect, desolation and solitude, in spite of the melancholy of the weed-grown alleys, the weary dropping of the fern-fringed fountains, the fluteless Pans and headless nymphs and armless Apollos, have a beauty which is indescribable, producing upon the mind an impression which it is difficult to analyse, to which no words can do justice." Sir George then devotes many charming pages to describing what he proclaims as indescribable, and others, less charming, to analysing the impression which he pronounces so elusive.

In decrying our "wet, bird-haunted English lawns" he seems to have left out of account the part played by a Mediterranean sun and the lapse of centuries in the making of these Italian gardens. One may be as sensible as himself to their grave dignity, their fantasy and their atmosphere of romance; one may deplore with him the elaborate ugliness of many English pleasure-grounds, and yet ask what scenes can be found in Italy fairer than the sunlit alleys at Albury, the flower-girt fountains at Endsleigh, the duchess' garden at Belvoir, the hoary terraces at Balcaskie or the sea-girt pleasure-grounds at Culzean.

However, Sir George Sitwell has his ideal, and it is no common obstacle that will deter him from attaining it. Most of us regard gardens as accessory to our dwellings; certainly in a season such as afflicts us at present few will be found to share Sir George's regret for "the earlier days when everyone's parlour was under the sky". The house he admits as a necessary excrescence in the landscape, but it must be adapted to its environment, not the environment to the house.

"This, then, leads up to what I believe to be the great secret of success in garden-making, the profound platitude that we should abandon the struggle to make nature beautiful round the house and should rather move the house to where nature is beautiful." This is as much as to say that no man of moderate means who has inherited a house in an unsatisfactory landscape need attempt to make a beautiful garden. A disappointing doctrine, this, to those of us who have sat at the feet of Mr. William Robinson and imbibed the faith that the true

virtue of horticulture is that, rightly applied, it beautifies any human habitation, lofty or lowly. In another passage the author writes as follows:

"These great villas at Frascati, Tivoli, and Albano were never intended for winter residence. . . . A house or garden which is expected to look fairly well all the year round can never reach the ideal, and the advantage of knowing what months it will be occupied and of planning for those months alone is too obvious to be worth discussing."

If this indeed be Sir George Sitwell's ideal it is wholly at variance with another ideal cherished by Englishmen, namely, that of the home. That can never be fully attained in a house which is abandoned to a caretaker for half the year. Richest in association are those gardens that are most continuously occupied by their owners; and this Sir George appears to recognise, though he expresses himself in somewhat cryptic phrase:

"The centres which deal with sensation and emotion being the same, a faint stirring of past experiences involves also a more vivid renewal of the emotion common to such past experiences and of other feelings of pleasure which have been accidentally associated with them. . . . The reproduction in idea of past feelings tends to revive, not only others accidentally connected with them, but all others of the same class. So the masses of plexuses in the brain which deal with impressions intermixed with pleasurable emotion being intimately connected and the nervous discharge following the lines of least resistance, other feelings of beauty and happiness are partially aroused, there is a dim representation, vague, massive, multitudinous, of all kinds of pleasure, and an indefinable sense of well-being."

A plain man may ask what all this has to do with making a garden, and feel somewhat incredulous as to the measure in which the designers of Italian gardens bothered themselves about "the masses of plexuses in the brain" or "the nervous discharge".

We are told that "Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground"; nevertheless, most people will agree in considering horticulture conducive to orderly behaviour. But when Sir George Sitwell asks us to believe that "the garden, like beauty in a landscape, is inimical to all evil passions", he surely forgets a good deal that went on in the gardens of the Italian renaissance. Perhaps it was owing to its faulty design that the sixteenth-century garden at Whittingehame became the scene of one of the most dastardly conspiracies in history; for it was there that Morton, Maitland, and Archibald Douglas, parson of Glasgow, planned the destruction of Henry Darnley. On the whole, it will probably lead to a better result if, in laying out a garden, one frankly makes pleasure and beauty the main objects and leaves the ethical influence to take care of itself.

It will be clear from these observations that I am unable to follow Sir George Sitwell to all his conclusions. Descending to plain matter of fact, may I submit to the author that, in preparing future editions, he will reconsider the allusion on page 6 to Anglo-Saxon keeps and Corinthian arches? If any Anglo-Saxon keep exists it must be unique; and, although the treasure-house of Atreus at Mycenæ has been cited as a proof that the arch was not unknown to Greek builders, they never made it an architectural feature.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. MILES' MEALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Grosvenor Road, Westminster S.W.

15 September 1909.

SIR,—I have adopted the above title to this communication, not because I desire to shift my ground, but because it appears to afford the keynote of Mr. Miles' reproach. After reading that gentleman's letter, I was forcibly reminded of Mark Twain's advice: "Punch, brothers!" says he, "punch by all means, but punch with care". Mr. Miles is under the delusion that I

\* "*An Essay on the Making of Gardens*." By Sir George Sitwell Bart. London: Murray. 1909. 5s. net.

have punched him—below the belt! And in his anguish he talks about invoking the law with a view to obtaining redress for the damage he has sustained in the contest. "Bardell v. Pickwick" is funny, but "Miles v. Erskine and the SATURDAY REVIEW" would be funnier. There can surely be no question of unfairness when combatants invite assault in the region of their gastric economy. Mr. Miles is a humourist, but he is also an English sportsman, and of all men should know how to receive with equanimity the volleys of his opponent.

Now to the battle once more. The fact that Mr. Miles has fully disclosed his dietary régime for my enlightenment in no way disposes of my assumption that he is prominent amongst those who advocate and practise abstention from flesh. Why is he so hurt that I should have indicated *inter alia* certain kinds of diet of which he acknowledges himself to be a partaker to the exclusion of animal meat?

Now I myself am a meat-eater, and glory in the fact; but I have no cause to feel offended because the vegetarians—I beg pardon, the food reformers—call me "carnivorous" in the general sense that I referred to Mr. Miles as being "nucivorous". Nobody denies that the Japanese and Indian troops are splendid fighters, but the net result of the Japanese capacity in that respect yet remains to be seen. They have had but one "round" in the contest, and their staying power is a matter of speculation, as I pointed out in my previous letter. Mr. Miles makes no comment on the fact that the Japanese are now importing European cattle in order to introduce a meat diet as part of the national food—another point I touched upon. The average native of India, vegetarian of vegetarians, can hardly be quoted as a model of manly physique. The Persian hordes were, with few exceptions, successively overcome by every well-organised enemy, and ultimately degenerated, mentally, morally, and physically. The Greeks have left for all time an indelible mark on the art, literature, and drama of the world, but their military and economic achievements in the ancient "Weltpolitik" were of a comparatively ephemeral character. Alexander the Great fell a victim to the pleasures of the table, both liquid and solid, but history does not record whether or not, meat formed an item in his gastronomic excesses.

Nobody denies that the Scotch were, and still are, "bonnie fechtors". England and the world in general have had ample evidence of that—I am a Scotsman myself, as my name implies—but again, as a race, they can hardly be regarded as coming within the category of Empire-makers, until quite recently, since the Scot entered the firm of John Bull somewhat late in the day—alas! only after he had been well chastened by the aforesaid John Bull, and he remains for ever a valued but by no means dominant partner.

With regard to the Romans, Gibbon indicates that the proletariat fared well in dietary matters, and that the favourable agricultural and pastoral conditions of the country, afforded ample means for cattle rearing on an extensive scale. The Romans in their turn fell before the Goths, who subsisted entirely on flesh. Moreover those who study the minutiae of the contemporary military historians will learn that the butcher and cook were important functionaries in the Roman legionary system, and that the "Army Service Corps" carried, among other impedimenta, all the paraphernalia for dressing and cooking meat.

I have no desire to alter my attitude or deviate from my line of argument, but Mr. Miles lays too much stress on the expression "physical degeneration", seeing that the tenor of my first communication clearly conveys the impression that the phrase was used in the abstract and not in the concrete sense, and as applying to the human organisation in its physiological entirety.

It would indeed be the *reductio ad absurdum* to maintain that a meat diet *ipso facto* makes for national greatness, but I hold that by an inexplicable process of nature, such diet conduces to the solidarity of a nation in relation to the idiosyncrasy for acquiring and retaining power and dominion in the affairs of this world, where the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. Let the food reformers and flesh abstainers

turn their thoughts to a nation across the North Sea. It is fairly well established that the absurd and useless excrescence known as the Great Pyramid, was reared about seven hundred years after the Deluge, and that the actual builders were hordes of slaves or forced labourers, working under the ancient equivalents of the "kourbash" and "corvée". These poor wretches may doubtless, under the peculiar climatic conditions, have subsisted on "lentils, onions and garlic", but our knowledge of human nature, even in those far-off days, leads us to the shrewd conclusion that their masters in consummating the colossal obelisk—the admiration of Messrs. Cook's clients—reserved for themselves the more grateful and comforting nourishment to be found in the "flesh-pots of Egypt"!

It may interest Mr. Miles to know that the "fellaheen" excavators of the Suez Canal worked under conditions practically identical with those of the pyramid-builders.

"The Chinese porters at Hong Kong" and the "water carriers of Constantinople" may be very sturdy fellows, and their diet admirably adapted for the particular form of physical exertion demanded by their humble calling, but neither the Chinese nor the Turks have exhibited any signs that their physical qualities are being utilised towards the attainment of national greatness, unless indeed we regard recent episodes in the near East as evidence of a desire to acquire the "righteousness that exalteth a nation".

As for the athlete, because a man specialises in a particular branch of athletics and eschews animal meat, since he finds it necessary to the maintenance of his condition and pre-eminence in the domain of sport, it by no means follows that the ordinary individual should go and do likewise: a sense of physical and mental well-being, accruing from a system of dietetics avowedly adopted for the attainment of a single object, is not *per se* an indication that one is equipped for the multifarious duties of life towards the community at large.

Many of the world's greatest men have achieved their successes under the most distressing conditions of health: Julius Caesar an epileptic, Cardinal Richelieu a neuropath, and Huxley a dyspeptic. "Quite so", exclaim the food reformers; "had these men conformed to our views they would have been cured of their ills and done better work." I beg leave to doubt it; they would in all probability have degenerated into good, normal-minded, easy-going individuals. It would be like robbing the fakir of his bed of nails or the monk of his hair shirt. I enunciate no paradox when I say that the physiological disabilities of these great men were part of the price paid for their gifts. Nature is cruel in order to be kind, and attains her ends by pain and suffering, of which child-birth affords a concrete example. The martyr buys his crown. Nothing is given in this world, everything is paid for. Cecil Rhodes suffered intensely from cardiac trouble, but he gave us a continent! Scott wrote the *Waverley Novels* in a state of mental agony resulting from financial embarrassment. Keats (a consumptive), Byron and Shelley suffered terribly both in body and mind, but we have the expression of their pain, and the world is the gainer. Who knows the physical and mental conditions under which Shakespeare wrote his immortal works? We are told that he died of a "feaver" contracted at a drinking bout; had he subjected himself to the dietary régime of an Elizabethan Eustace Miles he might have "forsworn sack", lived to a good old age, and given us half-a-dozen more "Hamlets" and "Macbeths" into the bargain!

Mr. Miles and I seem to be at variance in regard to the authorities we have consulted as to the diet of England's mediæval population. I can find nothing in the works of contemporary writers to support his assertion that the "small farmers and yeomen of old England" subsisted mainly on "cheese, pease-pudding, cereals, etc." On the contrary, meat appears to have figured more prominently in the daily menu of the middle and lower classes than it does at the present time, for the simple reason that the woods and forests abounded in wild animals: stags, wild-boar, hares and rabbits might be had for the killing.



According to Doomsday Book everybody kept swine, from the lord of the manor down to the humble "villain". Shakespeare, whose plays faithfully reflect the manners and habits of life of the people, frequently alludes to the "venison pasties", "capons" and other meat dishes indulged in by his characters, drawn as they were from all classes of the community.

My soldier father, himself a grandson of the Chancellor Erskine, one of the "beef-steak-and-three-bottle" school, was a meat-eater. He excelled at racquets and all manly sports, and enjoyed splendid health, begat thirteen children, served his country all the world over, and died in his eighty-eighth year, maintaining his faculties to the end.

I must again, but for the last time of offending, ask your indulgence for trespassing on your space, for although "I could discourse upon this theme until my eyelids can no longer wag", that is no reason why I should inflict myself further upon your readers. The food reformers have raised a Frankenstein in our midst, and I shall indeed feel happy to think that I have had a hand in sounding that monster's death-knell.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERMANN ERSKINE.

#### VEGETARIANISM AND PHYSICAL DEGENERATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Holland House, Great Malvern,  
5 September 1909.

SIR,—Although it may be quite true that the "dietary régime" of distinguished statesmen of the first quarter of the last century included a liberal allowance of beef-steaks, port wine and brandy, it may be questioned whether that of the rank and file who fought at Waterloo, or of the man-before-the-mast at Trafalgar, had been much else than bread, potatoes, cabbages and occasional bacon, varied, in the case of the Scots and Irish, by oatmeal in some shape or form. And yet, what grit behind those old bayonets! What untiring energy in the frame of the little powder-monkey! And, as for the "combative passions", they are strong enough in the Irish peasant, and it is little beef-steak that he gets year in and year out!

No, depend upon it, physical degeneration is less a question of diet than of a dozen other things, the chief of which may be described as the environment of childhood. Get the people back to the soil and to the seashore, and at least the foundation of physical regeneration will be laid. Happily the Empire possesses, in the temperate zones, a broad acreage and an extensive seaboard, both waiting to be occupied. Here at home—thanks to the infatuation of the hour—everything tends to make it impossible for men to live, much less bring up children, on the soil. The popular quack nostrum of the nationalisation of land not only expels capital and labour from the soil of the old country, but at the same time checks emigration by holding out the hope of a social millennium, which the knowing ones who remain at home will richly enjoy.

Alas, the solution is not so simple as to be found in a freer consumption of butchers' meat!

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

WATKIN W. WILLIAMS.

#### THE GREAT NAIL—ONE PENNY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It has been reserved for Messrs. Peary, Cook and Co. to discover and make the North Pole ridiculous. No man of any other nationality could have done one half they have done in the field of Arctic exploration. Hudson left us the legend, Franklin laid down his life, Nares, Rae, and Ross worked, dreamed, starved, sledged, trudged, wintered in the dark, and devoted their heroic lives to the great idea. None of them seem to have cared an atom about themselves. Not one of them thought about advertisement. Money never entered into their calculations. We do not hear that

any one of them took a megaphone on any of his expeditions. They did not think of securing the exclusive right to any telegraphic system; above all, they were not jealous of each other's fame. Quietly and heroically they plodded on towards their goal, each man at his life's end content to have pushed the trail a little further to the north. The tale of their endeavour was more enthralling in our school days than any fairy story ever penned by man. The "Erebus" and "Terror" seemed to embody something romantic in their very names. When we were boys all of us wished to go and search for Franklin. An Arctic exploration carried something ennobling with it in the contempt of hardships and of death that the explorers showed. It never entered anybody's head to sneer or to cast doubts upon the motives of the self-sacrificing men who passed their lives in doing what everybody knew never brought in a penny to the whole band of them.

After the Englishmen came Nansen, Nordenskiöld, and others, and still the work went on, and still the glamour of perhaps the one adventure science has ever entered into in the world endured. Now, perhaps in order to pull down and bedaub with mud the last of our illusions, Messrs. Cook and Peary, with their bags of gum-drops for the Esquimaux, their cinematographs, advance agents, and "Old Glories", appear upon the scene, and straight the whole thing turns to comedy. Spread-eagle telegrams, and others of abuse, succeed each other. One great explorer stars it in the Dutch provinces. The other telegraphs to say that he will sue him for breach of copyright.

Good-bye romance, good faith, honour, and anything that we had hitherto connected with the cold, silent North. The Pole has now become a side show, and when the rival heroes have done vilifying one another they had better form a company and set up turnstiles at the North Pole and charge a penny to go in and see the "Mammoth Nail".

Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### CAPTAIN HATTERAS AND THE NORTH POLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair,  
9 September 1909.

SIR,—Jules Verne, whose romantic works have in so many cases proved prophetic, wrote some forty years since a book entitled "Les Anglais au Pôle Nord, ou Le Voyage du Capitaine Hatteras". In this book he describes an imaginary discovery of the North Pole by an Englishman, Captain Hatteras, who, like Commander Peary, had devoted the best years of his life to attaining this object. When this explorer reaches his goal he finds he has been forestalled by an American, who arrived a few days before him and has already planted the U.S.A. flag on the Pole itself. In Jules Verne's account of the North Pole this is stated to be in an open icebound sea, with no land in sight.

I am faithfully yours,

JESSICA SYKES.

#### BETTER DEAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Chicago Daily News—London Office,  
Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square W.C.  
13 September 1909.

SIR,—May I call the attention of Marie Lantrow to the errors into which her kindness of heart has led her in taking to task Mr. John Bland for his "callous remarks" on the subject of the habitual frequenters of the Thames Embankment?

Marie Lantrow states that Mr. Bland "desires, as his letter abundantly proves, to deprive the poor of their last right—the right to exist at all on the earth". The grounds for this flagellation are that Mr. Bland, in a temperate but vividly expressed letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW of 28 August, asked why in the name of logic and progress the proper authorities—be

whom they may—have deliberately chosen to allot to the most impressive by night, the freshest, the finest boulevard of the metropolis of the British Empire, the rôle of overflow tramps' casual ward, and allow there a nightly herding together of unspeakably filthy and verminous degenerates whom the none too æsthetic passers-by of the New Cut, the Mile End Road, the rough-and-tumble thoroughfare in which Chevalier "knocked 'em", and Saffron Hill would never tolerate for one hour.

If Marie Lantrow and readers of her letter will refer to their SATURDAY REVIEW of 28 August, they will search in vain for the hypothetical and cruel aims which having been put into the mouth of Mr. Bland are eloquently decried.

If Marie Lantrow knew her Embankment—not by any means the same spot as the romantically dowered Thames Embankment of popular twentieth century fiction—she would never fall into the error of drawing a harrowing picture of John Bland, overtaken by a righteous retribution, dragging his "faint, bruised, and weary body" on to the Embankment, there to receive the heartlessly repugnant glances, and subsequent strictures in the Press, of passing gentlemen of his kidney. The poor man does not, to quote Mr. Bland, "beg with veiled threats; stretch his filthy naked skin and tattered duds about the steps, and aim loathsome remarks from the benches". The typical Embankmenter does; and he is a distinct class of society. If a decent upbringing and a decent intercourse with the world has been working on you for twenty, thirty, or forty years, you cannot become a typical Embankmenter by the simple process of losing your money, your friends, and your home. You may lose, in addition, your sight, a leg, and the use of your hands, and, worst of all, your self-respect, and yet you won't pick up the little manners and aspects of an Embankmenter.

It is rarely indeed that a member of the tolerably respectable poor need sleep on the Embankment; cheap lodging-houses and casual wards in plenty are to be found in the heart of London. Moreover, the poor man may be very poor, and very shabby, and very miserable, and still not a revolting sight to witness.

But a discussion of the poor man, his rights and troubles, is altogether beside the point. Why is the noble sweep of the Thames Embankment ordained to be London's human garbage-heap?

Yours truly,  
GEORGE BASSETT DIGBY.

#### "THE JEW AND HUMAN SACRIFICE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club, S. James' Street S.W.  
14 August 1909.

SIR,—In his excellent notice of Professor Strack's work on the above subject your reviewer observes: "On the Continent the calumny [that the Jews are in the habit of sacrificing Christian children] is still sedulously circulated and widely believed". Of the truth of this observation I have just received a singularly interesting—I might almost say startling—illustration. It occurs in the course of a critique of my own book, "Israel in Europe", in a recent issue of the French Orientalist review "Mélanges". The writer, after blaming me severely for treating the "ritual murder" tradition as a myth, goes on to state: "Cette tache, qu'on a certainement grossie, on essaie vainement de la soustraire au verdict de l'histoire; les faits parlent encore: 'experto crede Roberto' devrais-je ajouter, si je pouvais trouver plaisir à rappeler une page de mon enfance, où je dus le salut à un vrai fils d'Israël".

As you will see, the writer, a French scholar of some standing, actually believes that he himself in his childhood had narrowly escaped being sacrificed by the Jews! After this, what is left for the half-civilised masses of Eastern Europe?

Yours truly, G. F. ABBOTT.

## REVIEWS.

### JANE AUSTEN.

"Jane Austen and her Country House Comedy." By W. H. Helm. London: Nash. 1909. 7s. 6d.

NO one can deny that Jane Austen has proved a good "stayer". After a period of comparative neglect in the middle of last century, her popularity, aided by the cheap reprint, came with a rush towards the end. She has easily outdistanced her early rivals. Few read Fanny Burney nowadays except out of curiosity, and it needs a very tough kind of curiosity to get one through either "Cecilia" or "Camilla". "Evelina" is the only one that will do at all, and that is certainly a splendid, witty story. Little, too, of Miss Edgeworth is read to-day, except perhaps her tales for children; still less of Miss Ferrier, though she is worth reading. Of Miss Mitford only "Our Village" survives. Indeed it is a question whether Jane Austen has not now surpassed in popularity Sir Walter Scott, despite his success at what he called the "big bow-wow strain". Besides the many reprints of her works, we have further proof of Miss Austen's popularity in the numerous books that are continually being written about various aspects of her life and novels. In the last few years we can call to mind such books as "Jane Austen, her Contemporaries and Herself", "Jane Austen, her Homes and her Friends", "Jane Austen and her Times", "Jane Austen's Sailor Brothers"; and now we have Mr. Helm with "Jane Austen and her Country House Comedy". And yet it is curious that there is not one satisfactory Life of Jane Austen in this country. Her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen Leigh, had seen but few of her letters when he wrote his sympathetic Memoir in 1870. Fourteen years later Lord Brabourne published nearly a hundred new letters, but his volumes were neither edited nor printed with any conspicuous care. "Lord Overtley" for "Lord Orville", "Easton" for "Exeter" and "Lynn" for "Lyme" within a few pages hardly inspire confidence in the rest of the letterpress. Of the existing Lives, by far the best and most complete is that published in 1891 by an American admirer, Mr. Oscar Fay Adams. Yet not even Mr. Adams has studied the Letters with very strict attention. For instance, he repeats the usual statement that Jane Austen, together with her mother and sister, left Bath in 1805 after her father's death, and took up her residence that autumn in Castle Square, Southampton. But the Austens remained in Bath till the summer of 1806 (this is proved by Jane's letter dated 1 July 1808, where she says to Cassandra "It will be two years to-morrow since we left Bath for Clifton, with what happy feelings of escape!"), and any careful student of the letters written from Southampton can scarcely fail to infer that the earliest were written from lodgings, and that the move into Castle Square was not made till March 1807.

The chief events of Jane Austen's life are easily told. Born at the country parsonage of Steventon, she spent her first twenty-five years there: five years followed at Bath, two and a half at Southampton, and the last eight were spent at Chawton. But her quiet home life was varied by occasional visits to one brother's country seat in Kent or to another's house in town. All her six novels were written in the country, the first three at Steventon, the remainder at Chawton. Though she fortunately escaped ever being made a literary lion, as an author she met with considerable success. Her first book brought her in nearly £150, and not only did she receive a hint, which she took as a command, to dedicate her fourth novel to the Prince Regent, but she had the pleasure of seeing it made the subject of a review in the "Edinburgh".

Mr. Helm, however, is but little concerned with the events of Jane Austen's life except so far as they exerted any influence on her writings. In dealing with her various residences, however, he does make one admirable suggestion, namely, that the London County Council might well consider the idea of placing a



plaque on 10 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, for this is the only one of Henry Austen's London residences where his sister stayed which remains unaltered at the present day. 16 Michael's Place, Brompton, where Jane stayed in 1808, is gone, and even the name of the block is altered to Egerton Mansions. The house at 64 Sloane Street has been rebuilt, so too has 23 Hans Place, with its "love of a garden" from which Jane could talk across the intervening gardens to the Tilsons at No. 26. But the house at Henrietta Street, to which Henry removed for a short year between living in Sloane Street and Hans Place, must still, except for its plaster front, be much the same as when Jane stayed in the upper part in 1813 or witnessed the opening of an account in Henry's ill-fated bank on the ground floor.

Mr. Helm's volume, indeed, is more in the nature of an appreciation than a Life. The headings of his chapters—"Dominant Qualities", "Equipment and Method", "Contact with Life", "Ethics and Optimism" etc.—indicate its scope. Nor need the devoted admirer of Jane Austen quarrel much with his judgment. It is true Mr. Helm holds her to have been unemotional and, in the ordinary sense of the word, unsympathetic; he considers, rather unnecessarily, that in her the conjugal instinct was not strongly developed, and the maternal instinct still less, and he holds that no patience is possible with those who regard Jane Austen's work as equally excellent in every part. No doubt people are tiresome enough about Jane Austen; some see nothing in her works, while others consider her second only to Shakespeare, and see no exaggeration in Mr. Collins or Sir Walter Elliott. Mr. Helm's admiration is sane and well balanced. He points out clearly enough that one of the reasons why her novels have so abiding a freshness is that the material factors of manners and habits are little noted, and that "with a few slight changes such as making 'post-chaise' read 'motor' and 'coach' read 'train', or retarding the dinner from three or five to eight or half-past, cutting out the occasional 'elegants' and otherwise changing a word here and there in the dialogue, long scenes from any one of Jane Austen's novels could be acted without material alteration, in the costume of to-day, with no serious offence to the unities". This, like much of Mr. Helm's criticism, is true enough.

Besides using passages from her novels to illustrate Jane Austen's qualities, Mr. Helm makes frequent quotations from her published correspondence. The Letters were deemed trivial and disappointing at the time of their publication. There are but few allusions to her writings, and still fewer to public affairs. One casual mention of Bonaparte and one of Nelson, and a couple of references to Sir John Moore, almost complete the allusions to public affairs. But it must be remembered that nearly all her letters that have survived were written to her sister Cassandra. Even to-day devoted sisters probably do not waste much time when they write in commenting on the Budget or the Suffragette movement. In fact, Jane's letters are full of exactly what we might expect them to be—details of dress, balls, household affairs, and not always too kindly remarks about the people she met. For, as Mr. Helm reminds us, despite her brother's opinion, Jane Austen was not faultless, and, not being a fool either, she could not help remarking on her neighbours' little weaknesses.

Mr. Helm has something too to say of the various misprints in Jane Austen's novels. Jane was indeed no skilled proof-reader, and though she says in a letter to her publisher that she returns "Mansfield Park" as ready for a second edition as she could make it, it is a melancholy fact that the second edition, besides leaving two of the most glaring misprints unaltered, contains several others that were not in the first. Mr. Helm quotes two or three of Dr. Verrall's ingenious emendations, and rightly makes short work of his suggestion that Jane Austen really wrote "derelict" and not "direct holidays" in connexion with William Price's stay at Mansfield Park. Dr. Verrall also was quite correct when he emended the following passage in "Emma": "The want of proper families in the place, and the conviction that none beyond the place and its immediate environs could be attempted to attend, were

mentioned" into "tempted to attend"—but then no good edition reads "attempted", which, if we remember rightly, was only one of a great number of misprints introduced into one of the earliest of the modern reprints. Finally, on the subject of misprints and faulty punctuation, what are we to say of Mr. Helm, who quotes on page 72 the famous remarks of Lady Catherine de Bourgh to Mr. Collins, as reported by the latter?

"Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for my sake, and for your own; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way."

Here, half the characteristic insolence of Lady Catherine's speech is lost unless we punctuate according to the first three editions: "Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for my sake; and for your own, let her be an active useful sort of person", etc. But nearly all the modern editions are full of misprints, and it is earnestly to be hoped that in the centenary edition which Mr. Helm foreshadows special attention may be paid to the text. Apart from this, Mr. Helm's volume seems singularly free from error, though we do not think Steventon was the birthplace of "Mansfield Park", as stated on page 237, and we fancy "Margiarna" must be a misprint on page 61. We think, too, that Mr. Helm might have mentioned somewhere that the very charming sketch that forms his frontispiece is only a work of the imagination. Finally, we see no reason why Mr. Helm's thoughtful and appreciative volume should not have the result he desires—namely, of bringing "new members into the large but comparatively restricted circle wherein she is regarded, not always as the first of English novelists, but at least as second to none in the quality of her work".

#### REVOLUTION IN THE FLESH.

"Robespierre and the French Revolution." By Charles Warwick. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 8s. 6d. net.

HE suffered from chronic indigestion, and was bilious in hue; his features were mean; his veins showed greenish through the skin, and he wore green glasses; he rarely looked a man in the face; his limbs were feeble and angular; his step was irresolute; his attitudes were affected; his articulation lay between a squeak and a scream; his eyes were blue and vague, and his lips nastily thin; he was pock-marked; he was five feet two inches in height; he winked horribly and continually; he was very particular about his linen and his waistcoats; he was a highly nervous man; his reserve was impenetrable; he was moved by no wholesome human passions; he had nothing that could be called genius; he had no natural gift for oratory; he was possessed neither of resolution nor foresight; in all qualities of the mind and heart he was beneath mediocrity; in conversation he was a vulgar provincial trying to be mistaken for a Parisian. Such was Robespierre; or, perhaps it would be better to say, such was a piece of him. It remains to wonder at the use he made of himself. If there is one name in history more than another which will be for ever associated with scenes that attain to the sublimity created by sheer terror, it is the name of this absurdly self-appreciative, small-souled, and physically conspicuous deputy from Arras. He may not have shared in, or been ultimately responsible for, the Reign of Death; but the fact remains that with the execution of Robespierre the tide of blood swept suddenly out on the ebb; and that, rightly or wrongly, the history that lives in the hearts of men sees in him the incarnation of the Revolution and the great apostle of the guillotine. Is this common impression seriously discredited because the documents are against it? In the fifteen weeks before Robespierre's own execution there were over two thousand deaths, and Robespierre knew that he was held accountable. "Death—always death!—and the scoundrels throw it on me." But it has long been realised

that during these months Robespierre had little influence in the Great Committee; that he did not attend the Convention; that actually he was not responsible. Is mankind wrong, then, to see in Robespierre an incarnation of the Revolution and of the logical sequence of its horrors?

Mankind is most certainly right. Robespierre may be washed as white as snow, yet the truth remains untouched. He stands at the heart of the Revolution. We are not considering Robespierre as a private individual, and it is a side issue that, in this respect, the more he is whitewashed the uglier he appears. We are considering Robespierre as an incarnation of the Revolution, and endeavouring to account on broad, general principles for his power. Under this aspect, the fact that explains Robespierre better than any other is the fact that from first to last his career was bound up with the rise and fall of the Jacobins. It was not in any of the various Assemblies of the Revolution that he came truly to his own. It was in the "Société des Jacobins" with its "Unité, Liberté, Egalité, Indivisibilité de la République, Fraternité ou la Mort" that Robespierre night after night protested his integrity, alluded to the classical philosophers, generalised on human destiny, and slowly began to loom large before the people of Paris as the eighteenth century in human flesh, the predestinate idol of the Triumph of Reason.

This Triumph of Reason was complete when, in June 1794, Robespierre lit the pyre at the Festival of the Supreme Being on behalf of the French nation. Tradition was shattered; the foolish religions of the past were down; the iniquitous social structure lay in ruins; the unaided reason of man, speaking through its great prophets, through Voltaire and through Rousseau, to the confusion of priests and kings, of theologies and politics, had triumphed. And indeed what a simple and beautiful rationalism was here, something worthy, as it had been found, of the easy couplets of Alexander Pope and of the even easier verses of his French imitator!

It is here that Robespierre stands in history. He was the best possible creature of all those that the Revolution brought forth to represent and lend a fitting glory to those few simple ideas upon which the Revolution was based. The narrow intensity of his provincial studies was just the kind of training to fit him for the part he played. Sounding passages from the great classical writers haunted his brain. For the Bible he substituted Rousseau. He came to the Jacobins fully equipped. He practised upon them till he could say what he wanted to say with something approaching eloquence, and he never bored them. He echoed their own ideas and aspirations, and they pushed him forth into the Revolution as the man of the Revolution, which he most certainly was. His faith was the faith of the Revolution—faith in a few simple ideas that must be logically followed. To pause and reflect that human destiny was too profound and too old a thing to be included in a few formulæ—this was treason. To hold that these ideas were socially and ethically barren, leading into blind alleys, products of an eighteenth century intelligence that looked upon life with a vision limited and thwarted by the blinkers of rationalism—this was impiety. These ideas sufficed, and they would suffice for ever.

Such was the meaning of Robespierre, approaching him from the purely historical point of view. From another, that of personality, he is if anything a vastly more interesting subject. Whatever else he was, he was not a dull person. Mr. Warwick has painted him afresh in all the ancient and lively colours that are so familiar to readers of Revolution history. The author has much to say on many points of interest, and the new volume brings to a fitting conclusion his earlier work upon Mirabeau and Danton. Mr. Warwick is conscientious; and if, in this respect, he has a fault, it is that he does not dogmatise sufficiently. His presentment of Robespierre almost fails to be a portrait, and only just misses being a collection of preliminary studies.

#### CHILDREN AND THE STATE.

"Children in Health and Disease." By David Forsyth. London: Murray. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

GROWING interest in child-life and increasing intelligence expended upon the direction of it are noteworthy features of our times. It may be that the national consciousness has at last been aroused to the portents of our falling birth-rate, and that children, like other human possessions, become more appreciated as they become scarcer. At all events, it is a compensation that an epoch which has witnessed an unprecedented shrinkage in the prolificacy of the race should have been marked also by something like a systematised effort to secure greater civic efficiency in the rising generation. Without doubt a saner spirit pervades the educative field, and to-day we find common-sense, and some realisation of the physiology and psychology of childhood, moulding methods of education in a measure previously unattained.

Until the passing of the Education Act of 1870 the State evinced but a detached interest in its youthful citizens, but with the appearance of that Act the theoretical position, at least, was completely altered. We are not concerned to argue the academic wisdom or otherwise of this domestic revolution, nor to attempt a balance of the gains and losses which have followed and are following it. For good or for evil the State decreed book-learning for its children, and by doing so undertook a duty whose expansion is as logical as irresistible and whose end is not yet in sight. For with the imposition of elementary education upon the masses the State became a guardian of childhood in a novel and extremely comprehensive sense, though we may doubt whether at the time the true comprehensiveness of the new relation was properly appreciated. Indeed, we may be sure it was not, since there are, as we shall see, corollaries attached to the apparently simple proposition that a child shall be educated—corollaries which the State neglected for close upon a generation, yet which cannot be neglected without stultifying the main proposition.

It might have been supposed that the essential unity of the intellectual and bodily man was a postulate and needed no labouring. "It is not a mind, it is not a body that we erect", says Montaigne, "but it is a man, and we must not make two parts of him." The statement seems platitudinous enough; and it has not failed to encounter the disregard commonly meted to obvious truths. Thirty-nine years ago the edict went forth that all children were to be educated in reading, writing and arithmetic, and "educated" they were. That is to say, they went to school and were duly submitted to a daily dose of instruction; but as to whether they were capable of profiting from the instruction received the State evinced not the slightest interest. Deafness, blindness, bodily ill-health, mental dulness and other such disabilities only too common among the school community elicited no attention; and so for thirty years we saw, but did not observe, the wasteful and largely futile issue of the great scheme of national education. Gradually, however, it began to dawn upon the authorities that they had commenced, so to speak, at the wrong end; that the education to which they were committed, if it were to be of any notable service, inevitably implied far more than was originally contemplated. It was manifestly ridiculous to give the usual oral instruction to a deaf child, or to give blackboard demonstrations of desirable things to a child who could not see them. Moreover, advances in medical knowledge of childish ailments made it abundantly clear that large numbers of the physical faults which hampered educationalists were preventable by timely interference, and that much could be done to educate even the hopelessly handicapped by the use of specialised and appropriate means. Accordingly in 1893 statutory provision was made for the appointment of medical officers in connexion with the blind and deaf, and in 1899 others for the purposes of the mentally defective and epileptic. But here the advance rested until public interest was aroused, at about the time of



the South African war, by a War Office Memorandum drawing attention to the progressive deterioration of the classes from which the Army was recruited. In 1903, consequently, an Interdepartmental Committee was appointed, which, after exhaustive inquiries, recommended the systematic medical inspection of school children. Two years later the Education Committee of the London County Council inaugurated a tentative scheme by appointing twenty "part-time" medical inspectors, to each of whom was assigned one of the metropolitan school areas. The duties of these officials comprised not only the examination of physically or mentally defective children (with a view to having remediable defects remedied in time and proper provision made for those whose condition could only be palliated), but included the giving of advice to teachers with regard to matters of general school hygiene. Finally, at the instance of both political parties, an obligatory clause was inserted in the Education Act of 1907, binding local education authorities to provide for the medical inspection of children at the time of their admission to a public elementary school, and empowering them to make arrangements for attending to the health and physical condition of the children in their schools.

It will be apparent from this brief sketch of the educational movement in recent years that we have long been grasping at the shadow of education and missing its substance. Book-learning may or may not be an essential factor in the vitality and efficiency of a modern race, but no such question can be entertained touching the matter of health; and this seems now to be fully appreciated. The mere appearance of such a book as the one before us is a sign of the times; for it is not a medical text-book, but a scientific consideration, in more or less popular terms, of the circumstances affecting the bodily and mental welfare of children, and is dedicated to educationalists and publicists as much as to physicians. In it Dr. Forsyth has collected a quantity of facts which will certainly be useful to students of school hygiene in general. But it is too long, and many pages are devoted to matter so obvious that it is hard to pardon the author for burdening his text with it; while elsewhere one encounters subjects which, in the detail accorded to them, can only appeal to physicians. Nevertheless we may welcome the book, for it is an earnest of newly awakened public interest in what can claim to be one of the most urgent problems of the time.

#### TEUFELSDROCKH'S BLUMINE.

"*Carlyle's First Love: Margaret Gordon, Lady Bannerman.*" By Raymond Clare Archibald. London: Lane. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS volume would be a slender one if all the pages that do not deal directly with Margaret Gordon were cut out. Mr. Archibald, however, appears to have taken some pains to rake together everything ascertainable about her ancestry and her ancestors' connexions and friends; and it is all duly set forth and illustrated with portraits. To the general reader Margaret's main interest is that Carlyle was in love with her for a little while and utilised his experience for "*Sartor Resartus*"; and probably only those who find a deep joy in family records will devour this whole work with any great appetite. Margaret Gordon's father came of an undistinguished stock: he himself was an Army surgeon. Her mother's line, the Pattersons, made a couple of notable alliances. The sister of one Robert Patterson married Jerome Bonaparte in 1803; but when Jerome became a puppet-king he divorced her. She lived on to the age of ninety-five, and died as late as 1879. The widow of the same Robert married the Duke of Wellington's brother; but in view of the divorce we suppose it cannot be said that the Wellesley and Bonaparte families were in any way connected. Margaret Gordon, like these ladies, might never have attracted public notice, had not fate associated her name with a much

greater name, that of Thomas Carlyle. Nowadays no one cares a jot for Jerome Bonaparte nor the Duke of Wellington's brother, nor thinks about whom they married or divorced; but the object of Carlyle's calf-love—if we dare call it so—and the original of Blumine will continue to make her appearance in literary biographies for some time.

Margaret Gordon was born in Canada in 1798. When she was twenty Carlyle, and Irving as well, met her. She seems to have fascinated them both a little; with Carlyle a few letters were exchanged; but a match with a poor schoolmaster seemed undesirable to her relatives, and in 1820 a "good-bye" was said in Kirkcaldy. She came to London and put on airs and the latest fashions; and in 1824 she married Alexander Bannerman, "banker, wine-merchant and manufacturer". To these avocations he added another later, that of Governor of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia—or somewhere that way, as Carlyle scornfully wrote. He was knighted; and he died at the age of seventy-six in 1864. So far as one can judge the marriage was a fair average one. Margaret did not expect, nor perhaps desire, the raptures of a "*Tristan and Isolde*" union; for she was a level-headed young woman with an eye for a solid position in life. She lived twelve years after Sir Alexander's death, and died in 1876.

The year after the "good-bye", out of which the tragic episode in "*Sartor*" is spun, Carlyle was introduced to Jane Welsh; he promptly fell in love again, vowed to love Jane far more deeply than he ever had Margaret; and five years afterwards married her. The time-dishonoured squabbles as to whether she was a suitable wife or he an unsuitable husband were always foolish, and are now grown a bore; and this book perhaps serves a useful purpose in showing that, however he fared with Jane Welsh, Carlyle could scarcely have hoped to get on much if any better with Margaret. The impression left indeed is that the former was in every way a superior woman to the other. Possibly Mr. Archibald did not mean to demonstrate this, but it is this he has succeeded in demonstrating. That Margaret Gordon and Carlyle's early passion for her were the starting-points for Blumine and the disastrous cataclysm in "*Sartor Resartus*" no one can doubt; but to affirm so much is not to accept Blumine as a portrait nor the incident of the parting as a photographic description of what actually happened. Carlyle was above all things a phrase-maker and a writer of books, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that everything he wrote was literally or even figuratively true. Many a young man after a love-disappointment feels as if the world has come to an end; and the shattering of his hopes may have appeared grave enough to Carlyle. But he recovered very swiftly. He did not see Margaret again until long years had passed, and perhaps the mournful glance she cast his way did not exist outside his own fancy. However, those who want to know the little there is to be known about the lady will find it in Mr. Archibald's volume. That the book is worth the labour it must have cost is more than we should care to vouch. The relatives of distinguished men are generally tedious, and still more so are the relatives of a lady whose only claim to distinction is that a famous man loved her for a brief hour in his youth.

#### CLIO EN DÊSHABILLE.

"*An Introductory History of England.*" By C. R. L. Fletcher. Vols. III. and IV. London: Murray. 1909. 5s. each volume.

WANTED, a history of England as good as Green's, free from his Liberal prejudices, yet without any superior airs of frigid impartiality. This was the desideratum we lately discussed. And here comes Mr. Fletcher with his breezy, boyish volumes—but with nothing of schoolboy pomposity—bashing in many (not quite all) of the old left-centre conventions in which Englishmen are trained, our civil and religious liberties, our admirable party system, our

excellent representative institutions, and the rest. Saint George for England is on the cover, but inside he is a champion rollicking about on a polo pony, in an Oxford blazer, and smoking a short pipe. Mr. Fletcher's pages are elegantly strewn with "isn'ts" and "couldn'ts", with "etc.'s" and "(?)'s", with immortal phrases from Mr. Kipling like "Pay, pay, pay", with jocularities like "The Age of W(h)igs"—a chapter heading—and with other literary artifices which we do not remember to have met with in Clarendon or Gibbon. Well, the conception of history has changed a good deal. In Herodotean days it was liturgic, and the historian claimed a religious inspiration. With Macaulay history became an immense party-pamphlet. For Mr. Fletcher it is a putting out the tongue at solemn frauds. He slaughters the Philistine with slang, drags the Whig Clio from her pedestal, and kicks about her false wig and padding. Yet somehow we seem to recall writers—like Fuller—who have made the Muse of history racy without making her vulgar. History as light literature is all very well. Mr. Fletcher begs his readers not to let him bore them. The day of prunes and prisms being over, we dare say his jolly volumes will be welcomed in the schoolroom. How funny that an Irish pig should be the gentleman that pays the rint, that the plural of Wolfe (James) should be Wolves, that Queens and Juntas should squeal to neighbouring Powers for help, that "empty ass" or "immeasurable ass" should be the description of a James II., Monmouth, Sacheverell, or George IV. When, however, Charles II.'s (allegorical) hooking of a salmon is illustrated by the monarch's fondness for swearing by "God's fish", it is possible that the meaning of that very profane oath may be known even in the schoolroom, and Mr. Fletcher's exquisite joke give a little shock.

It is a pity, because there is plenty of genuine humour and sound history in these volumes, and we have a real admiration for an historian who says he has forgotten what it was Arkwright invented, who tells "Headmasters in Conference" that they are going to make chewed pap the basis of education, and who asks God to bless the Highland boatmen who sank the first steamer that ever defiled Loch Katrine—at the bottom of which she still lies. William of Orange is described as a king who was a Whig against his will and never more than king of a faction; his War Office as displaying all the vices of senility in the infancy (why not the teething?) of our standing Army; the "effectual truth of things" as meaning brute force; and Frederick the Great (who relied on that truth) as, at his accession, a young man who was not a gentleman, devoted to flute-playing and cheap French philosophy. Chesterfield is said to have been universally dreaded because he was known to be writing memoirs of his own times; and, after mentioning that Fox, by an astonishing volte-face, spoke of the French, directly they became the friends of his own country, as our natural enemies, Mr. Fletcher adds "However, they soon went to war with us, so that he was again able to regard them as his friends". Nevertheless, "Fox, with all his iniquities, was a man of flesh and blood; Grey was the Spirit of Whiggery walking about in the clothes of a man". Diva Britannia in these pages is an Empress of the Sea intent on halfpence—"at one time a busy bumboat woman, but anger her and she is transformed into an armed mermaid". After a world-shaking struggle she hangs up her crown in the Abbey and dozes off again, or allows dirty political party squabbles to fritter away her might; for the old Sea-Queen is often sick of an acute attack of parliamentary inflammation. There is a good chapter on the American struggle, and one on Ireland—spiritually-minded, but "a country more unfit for self-government it is hard to imagine". Mr. Fletcher quotes Grattan's prophecy when the Irish legislature was abolished: "We will avenge ourselves by sending into the ranks of your Parliament, and into the very heart of your Constitution, one hundred of the greatest scoundrels in the Kingdom". On the other hand, the state of Scotland before the "sorrowfu' Union" was one in which parliaments and

law courts played a very small part—for society was still based on patriarchal and kindly relations, not on the nexus of cash payment—but in which crime was rare and pauperism (which is a different thing from poverty) unknown. Intercourse with England changed all that, and the frugal Caledonian, with his simple and penurious virtues, has become the Scotch hotel-keeper or millionaire.

Mr. Fletcher's dislike of the Covenanters—persecuted with whips but persecuting with scorpions—makes him fairly gracious towards Scottish "Episcopalianism." But it is astonishing that he could write a History of England from 1660 to 1815 and hardly once mention the Church of England. When he does do so, it is usually to blunder. He thinks that James II. was Head of the Church of England, whereas the last sovereign to bear that title was Mary Tudor, who got it repealed in 1553. He says that the Church came back at the Restoration "entirely without the aggressive sacerdotal spirit of Laud's Church", and yet took up an "uncompromising attitude" towards dissent. He does not think that the sectaries suffered much oppression, after all, in Charles II.'s reign, but he writes like Green about the Bartholomew of 1662. Similarly he accepts the conventional view of the Huguenot expulsion. There are various girdings at "Puseyites", and we find the astonishing assertion that in the religious movement of the closing seventeenth century, when the S.P.C.K., the S.P.G. and the societies for "reformation of manners" were founded, "High Churchmen took little part". Nor has Mr. Fletcher ever heard that the Church of England claims to be a part of the Catholic Church—at any rate, he always uses "Catholic" in the sense in which it was used when Regent Street was in building. On the ecclesiastical side we fear Mr. Fletcher is whiggissimus. Whitefield, by the bye, went to Oxford in 1732, not in 1728.

Mr. Fletcher does justice to the Old Chevalier, so absurdly maligned in "Esmond". Though he speaks of the "fatal Act of Settlement" he disavows being a Jacobite in principle. But, "when the alternative came to be between an unspeakable German boor and a simple, pious, valiant young man of stainless honour", resolved in his Catholicism but respectful towards others' faith, "I for one", says Mr. Fletcher, "would have voted for my legitimate and native King". He calls him "the most gentle, tolerant, honourable soul who ever threw away a crown", the "rightful King". His last thought on Scottish soil was bitter regret that his troops had been obliged to burn some crops and cottages in their retreat, and his last act was to send some of his slender stock of money to relieve the sufferers. He was a finer, more religious character than Prince Charlie, of whose great adventure, however, Mr. Fletcher says that the reality vies in interest with any romance that could be written. He pithily divides English history into the age of heroics, the age of common-sense, and the age (our own) of hysterics. But the heroic age did not altogether die in 1660.

#### NOVELS.

"The Castle by the Sea." By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

It is evidently a mere coincidence that a somewhat disreputable baronet should be seeking hidden treasure in his abandoned estate by the sea, alike in this novel and in Mr. George Birmingham's "Spanish Gold", but the comparison that inevitably suggests itself somewhat handicaps Mr. Marriott Watson. There is much philandering in "The Castle by the Sea", and the essential motifs of the two novels differ widely. Taking the present one on its own merits, we may say that it is entertaining enough, with its medley of mistaken identities and smugglers' caves and duns besieging the innocent tenant of the castle. The aforesaid tenant, a man of letters, gives the impression of a certain deficiency in breeding—impalpable perhaps, and clearly unperceived

(Continued on page 358.)



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by his inventor, but real enough to make us indifferent to his fortunes. Still, it is an amusing company that Mr. Marriott Watson has collected, and no one will drop the book halfway through.

**"Midsummer Madness."** By Morley Roberts. London: Nash. 1909. 6s.

Most of these nine stories are nightmares, and not bad of their kind. We like the experiences of an editor chased from the Temple to Greenwich by a lunatic contributor, and the adventures of a clergyman lost in Soho whose unfortunate nasal resemblance to an unknown person involved him in a good deal of homicide. But Mr. Roberts is less agreeable when depicting the unclean side of a sculptor's mind, or describing the working in London of a West African blood fetish (an Anstey theme treated after the Kipling manner, but not very effectively). There is power in the picture of London engulfed in so vast and lasting a fog that only a blind man is able to save the characters of the story. And a sketch of a French peasant of the Landes whose mind became obsessed by the great Sud express train has a certain pathos. But the stories suggest a series of attempts to startle magazine readers.

**"Marcia."** By Marguerite Curtis. London: Blackwood. 1909. 6s.

Marcia was afflicted with a dual personality. The one Marcia was truthful and even pious, but after periods of emotional stress the other Marcia would crop up, imagine pleasant fictions and substantiate them by lies and the forgery of letters. The good Marcia had only a hazy recollection of what the naughty one did, though for other things her memory was known to be excellent, and after situations painful both to herself and her friends she very properly put aside all thought of marriage with her lover. It is a sombre story, but as the author assures us there was a real Marcia it has a pathological interest; and the rather irritating iteration of similar phrases is perhaps inevitable in a novel cast in the form of reminiscences.

**"The Invincible Amelia."** By E. Maria Albanesi. London: Methuen. 1909. 3s. 6d.

We are sorry to see Madame Albanesi, who has done some good work, descending to such paltry stuff as this. The "Invincible Amelia" has nothing to recommend her. She is both second-rate and vulgar. Unfortunately, her creator does not seem to recognise this glaring fact, but rather holds her up to admiration as a sort of feminine "Admirable Crichton". We should be sorry to think such a detestable person as Amelia could exist, and, if we took the author's story as a serious character-study, we should be inclined to say that she had made an indecent exposure of the worthlessness of her sex.

**"A Dog's Life in Burma."** Told by the Dog. London: Drane. 1909. 3s. 6d.

Humour of a very elementary kind is obtained by putting this bald narrative of a pleasure trip in Burma—undertaken by the Colonel Sahib, the Mem Sahib and the Missy Sahib—into the dog's mouth; and it may be that the type of reader who finds the author's style really funny will also be grateful for the lavish and young-lady-like underlining with italicised words. To us it all seems rather amateurish.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

Everyman's Library: "The Bayard of India," by Captain L. J. Trotter; "The Chronicles of Barset," and other volumes. London: Dent. 1909. 1s. net.

The People's Library: "The Crown of Wild Olive," by John Ruskin; "The Master of Ballantrae," by R. L. Stevenson, and other volumes. London: Cassell. 1909. 6d. net.

The rivalry of the reprint grows keener. Everyman's Library, in itself a marvel of cheapness, is challenged by the People's Library, which is cheaper still. Mr. Dent has now completed four hundred books in the first, and has another hundred to come; Messrs. Cassell are steadily adding to their

People's Library—it now numbers over one hundred volumes—and the only limit to these reproductions is the limit of literature itself. Five millions of Everyman's Library have been sold, and over one million of the People's Library. Both libraries are nicely printed and bound, the paper is serviceable, and the brief introductions are all that is necessary. Except on the score of price, there seems little to choose between them. Not everybody, of course, who is looking for a cheap book wants it for a few pence. The People's Library may be had in leather for eightpence, and Everyman's for two shillings, a volume. In that form no one need hesitate to give any work in either Library a place on his shelves.

**"America's Motherland."** By T. W. D. Smith. London: Middleton. 1909. 1s. net.

America's Motherland seems, according to the editor of this "concise guide for American visitors", largely to consist of that portion of England which stretches from London to Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Smith has called in Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Clement Shorter to write parts of his brochure referring more particularly to Shakespeare's country—"the Mecca of many an American pilgrimage"—and to Cowper, Penn, Burke, Shelley, and Disraeli. Other sections deal with Byron's country, the ancestral home of the Washingtons, Sherwood Forest, &c. As the guide is intended for the visitor who wishes to tarry awhile in places of interest, it might appear to be more suited to the average foreigner than to the American, who rushes hither and thither in a motor-car and is content to know that he has put his name in a record number of visitors' books. It is, however, obviously prepared with a special eye to American predilections, and within its self-imposed limitations is full of useful hints. It will at least show the American that there are places in England with which it might be worth his while to make more than a ten seconds' acquaintance.

**"Self-Government in Canada."** By F. Bradshaw. London: King. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bradshaw's book on Lord Durham's report to which Canada owed its self-government is now issued in a cheap edition. For all who are interested in colonial history and development in the second quarter of the nineteenth century the story is of immense interest. The book is also a useful supplement to the Life of Lord Durham which has appeared in the interval since the first edition was published. In this cheaper form we should have thought Mr. Bradshaw would have added Mr. Stuart Reid's work to his bibliography. He gives a list of certain small corrigenda, but the original volume otherwise is unchanged.

**"Revue des Deux Mondes."** 1 Septembre.

This number has several papers of real interest. Mme. Marcelle Tinayre has a third article on modern Turkey which contains some points on the inner life of Turkish homes. The usual European illusions on the matter vanish at the contact of reality. The Turk is usually the husband of one wife, because it is cheaper, and there is no luxury in her surroundings—at the most some hideous mid-Victorian furniture. There is also a delightful sketch of a visit to a Turkish girls' school. The system of teaching is curious. Passages of the Koran in the original Arabic are committed to memory without any explanation of their meaning being conveyed to the pupils, because "women have no need of instruction of the kind". Mme. Tinayre promises to give us an account shortly of a visit to the ladies in a Constantinople harem. It will be interesting to learn her views as to the "Désenchantées". Admirers of Matthew Arnold's "Obermann" will welcome M. Michaud's appreciation of Senancour.

For this Week's Books see pages 360 and 362.

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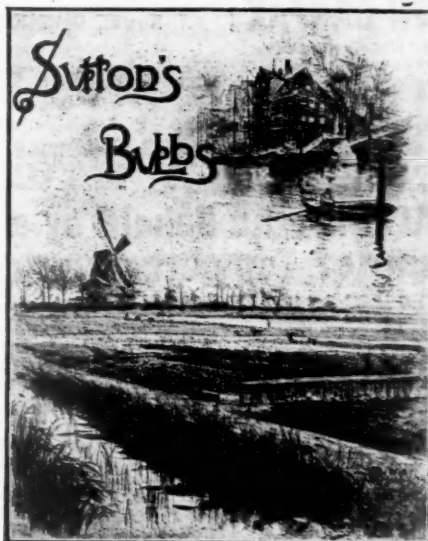
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(Continued on page 362.)



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